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Good Stories of Experience and Adventure

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A Private's Recollection of Abraham Lincoln.

By W. J. Adams, Mason, Mich.

Every few months in some magazine or journal a brand new series of recollections of Lincoln appears, coming from a hitherto unknown source, and the fact that these are printed, seems to show that Lincoln is still an object of interest to the American people. If these recollections of mine are not confined strictly to the subject, it is because that in them I want to indicate why I was always so strongly interested in the Great Emancipator, and also to record some of the incidents and conditions connected with certain times when I saw him that impressed themselves indelibly on my mind.

My father was a Democrat, ready and fully competent to give every man a reason for the faith that was in him. He was an intense lover of his country, as a man could hardly fail to be with a record of ancestors and kinsmen, near and remote, who for 230 years had fought Indians, French and British, wherever fighting was necessary, and between times of strife had worked faithfully along peaceful lines for the country's welfare. His paternal great grandfather, John Adams, fought French and Indians in 1756-59, and from 1775-83 he with three sons in the patriot army extended to the "Redcoats" the offer of a permanent resting place in the land of the free, and did their best to prepare the Britons for its occupancy. John, eldest son of John Adams above named, served three enlistments in a company from Brookfield, commanded by my father's maternal grandfather, Capt. Nathan Hamilton.

But while my father held to the doctrines of Thomas Jefferson and his kinsman Samuel Adams, and voted for Douglas in 1860 and in '61 was a War Democrat, I, who as a boy of 13 had sung songs to cheer Fremont's "Wideawakes," had read the Bigelow Papers, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the Dred Scot case; who knew all about John Brown and "Bleeding Kansas," and, more than all, was familiar with selections from the Richmond Examiner and Charleston Courier, I believed

that the Democracy of 1861 represented slavery and nothing else, and it seems curious now, in these days of gush and twaddle about the disappearance of sectional lines and the union of the Blue and Gray, to recall how intensely I hated the Pro-Slavery Democracy and loved the new party that stood for Freedom and Equal Rights for All.

I had been bitterly disappointed at Fremont's defeat, and when Lincoln was elected he was my hero; not because he had split rails, for I knew several rail-splitters who lacked some of the qualifications of a first-class President, but because Lincoln had defeated his Pro-Slavery opponents, and seemed to fitly represent the enemies of Disunion and Slavery, and I followed his fortunes from Springfield to Washington, and kept in touch with all the momentous affairs of that period, as well as could be expected of a boy who was working from 12 to 16 hours a day on a farm, or trying at intervals to capture an education at an academy in western New York.

ENLISTING UNDER THE SECOND CALL.

In August, 1862, age, size, and consent of parents enabled me to enlist, and several weeks were spent in camp before leaving the State. About the first of September the Northern papers announced under enormous headlines that Pope and McDowell had the rebel Army of Northern Virginia where it would either have to surrender or be destroyed. This news filled the boys in camp with the most sincere and bitter sorrow. The majority grieved because they would be deprived of a "crack at the rebs;" others, for fear they would never see Washington; but my sole regret was that this untimely ending of the war would prevent my seeing Lincoln. However, at that stage of the war a victory achieved by Northern newspapers was a thing in no wise connected with the result of a battle, hence the boys were soon cheered to learn that there was still a chance to go to the front, as our company had been assigned to a distinguished regiment of a noted brigade of a famous division of a corps that had borne the brunt of the fighting and losses of the Seven Days' Battle. On the way to join our regiment, then near the Antietam battlefield, our company stayed one day in Washington at the "Soldiers' Rest." This really was an ideal haven, but its bean soup was too thin for one fresh from the substantial fare of Camp Swift, our home camp, in New York, and I left it and went to the Capitol, where I watched nearly all day for the President, who I at that time believed used that ornate building for his down-town office. Mr. Lincoln had not appeared at his office that day when our train left for the Relay House at Harper's Ferry, and the experience of actual duty at the front crowded out everything of less importance for several weeks after joining the surviving fragment of our regiment.

An exploration of the battlefield of Antietam a few days after that terrible conflict gave me several new ideas concerning war, for war had not then been so graphically defined as it afterward was said to have been by Gen. Sherman. Even then, although I was without a West Point education, and was one of the rawest of recruits, as I plodded over that field finding new horrors at every step I noticed that war didn't in the least resemble heaven.

About three weeks after joining the regiment the Army of the Potomac crossed into Virginia and moved with great celerity southward, for the alleged purpose of heading off Lee. It was said that some days when we got an early start, and the roads were good, we advanced as far as 12 miles.

At White Plains, not far from Warrenton, a heavy fall of snow greeted us, and we also learned at that camp that Burnside had superseded Gen. McClellan in command of the army. At Warrenton the army remained a week, and during that time it turned out and gave McClellan a solemn farewell and likewise was reviewed and reorganized into grand divisions by Burnside.

A SIGHT OF LINCOLN AT LAST.

The next point where camp was established was at Stoneman's Switch, on the railroad between Aquia Creek and Fredericksburg, about four miles from Falmouth. Here we had been long enough to get camp partly cleared up and a parade ground established, when one morning orders were issued to fall in with equipments in the best of order. It was rumored that the President was inspecting the army by quietly riding through its camps. Our regiment formed on the parade ground and we recruits were sternly commanded to keep our eyes directly in front. Very soon the tramp of horses and clank of sabers warned us that the great event was at hand. As I glanced toward the right to relax the strain on my eyes I saw an exceedingly tall man upon a rather small horse riding a few paces in front of our lines, and as he drew nearer I noticed that the rider looked very uncomfortable, that his stirrup straps were too short, that his black clothes had seen service, and that he strongly resembled pictures I had seen of Abraham Lincoln. A little to the right and rear rode another man in civilian's clothes, and following them came Gens. Burnside, Hooker and Meade, commanding army, grand division and corps respectively, with their staffs in all glory of military toggery. As Lincoln passed, and I looked full in his face, I noticed in his eyes that look of sad, patient endurance so often spoken of, but what at the time struck me most was his apparent discomfort on horseback and the glaring incongruity between the suit of rusty black worn by the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy and the glitter and tinsel of his military followers.

After the disaster at Fredericksburg and the melancholy "stick-in-the-mud" campaign following had caused Gen. Hooker to be placed in command of the Army of the Potomac we were one day ordered to fall in in light marching order, arrayed in our best clothes, and meet with the remainder of the army at a pleasure resort a few miles out of camp, to be reviewed by President Lincoln. The place chosen for review was three or four miles from our camp, on a tract of country slightly rolling and free from fence or timber. From the higher points of this tract one could see the whole Army of the Potomac as its battalions, brigades, divisions and corps wheeled, marched and countermarched in preparation for review. Including the march from camp, about five hours were occupied in forming the troops into proper position.

The commanding officers then rode through the lines, unaccompanied by the President, who reviewed the army as it afterward marched past the reviewing stand and proceeded back to its camps. I got one dissolving view of Lincoln as our line marched rapidly past his station.

A WONDERFUL SPECTACLE.

At that time, in common with nearly all the rank and file of the army, I hated reviews as an unholy device for postponing the dinner hour of the enlisted men and giving staff officers a chance to show their dexterity on horseback and their glittering trappings at the same time. My views have changed somewhat since, and even then I realized that probably no one then living would ever again see such a sight as the Army of the Potomac presented that day. Over 100,000 men in all the pomp and panoply of war, to be seen at one glance, moving over the gently rolling fields, with glittering arms and waving banners, was a spectacle to be seen only once in a lifetime, and was by far the grandest I ever saw, not excepting the Grand Review in May, 1865, which I saw from beginning to end. That review in the Spring of 1863 was, I think, the last general review of the Army of the Potomac in the field.

During the latter part of that Summer I was sent to a general hospital at Washington, and as soon as able to do duty was detailed as a clerk in the commissary and cooking departments, having charge of from 30 to 60 convalescents, who by a pleasant military fiction was supposed to be superintended by a Hospital Steward, I in fact doing the work for which he received the pay. Consolidating ward reports and preparing requisitions could be done mainly in the evening, so that with trusty men at the head of the various departments I had considerable time of my own during the day. I also had a general pass, and this pass, together with my spare time, enabled me to see about all there was worth seeing of Washington at that time, including all the prominent men at the National Capital. Of course, I frequently saw the Presi-

dent on the streets, but in this paper I only care to mention the times I saw him that were of special interest to me.

QUITE A DIFFERENT VIEW.

Along in January or February, '64—I have lost my diary and don't recall the exact date,—some military genius was inspired with an idea original as well as sublime. This idea was nothing less than that of giving the President a chance to see some of the boys in blue. The fact that for nearly three years Washington had been thronged with soldiers made no difference with a real genius. Hence we were ordered to put our uniforms and equipments in the finest order possible, and all that could be spared from the three companies doing duty at Harewood one morning about 9 o'clock marched in solemn pomp and new overcoats out to and down Seventh street. Our arms for that occasion were a light and nearly straight saber known as a "toadsticker," and a revolver, either a Savage or a French Tranter, two of the many kinds of arms bought in moments of irrelevance by Uncle Sam during the war and immediately condemned. Other detachments united with ours as we proceeded, and by a series of filings right and left, mixed with halts and place-rests, we at last reached a position two or three blocks northwest of the White House. At 1 p. m. three regiments had gathered and formed in line. The wind was raw and chilly, and I imagined I could see old age spreading wrinkles and other tokens of his coming over the faces of the boys while we waited for orders. The only enlivening incident connected with our stay there in the streets was the wild dash thru our ranks of a negro encrusted with smallpox, who had been started out from the rear of a building near by and was pursued and captured by a Corporal and file of men. At last we were ordered to move, and altho the regiments were composed of men from all arms of the service, who had had no previous drill together, their marching and wheeling was as accurate as that of any troops I ever saw.

We marched to the White House around the circular drive, thru the porte cochere, where we had an opportunity to look full in the faces of the President, Mrs. Lincoln and one son, who stood at the entrance to the house and returned the salute of each platoon as it passed. As this was the first time I had seen Mrs. Lincoln face to face, I gave her an unmilitary stare, and I also thot I could see that Lincoln's expression was more careworn and all-enduring, if possible, than when I saw him at the front. I am glad now that I took part in that strategic move so essential to the success of our arms, and that aided so much in putting down the rebellion; but the truth compels me to say that as we plodded thru the wind-swept streets back to camp, each carrying an aching void in place of rations, every member of our detachment evolved a new and terrible place of torment to which he consigned the originator of that review.

DEFENDING WASHINGTON AGAINST EARLY.

My headquarters were in a room that served as office and sleeping apartment in a corner of the big central building at Harewood that contained mess rooms, cooking plant and store-rooms, and usually the first remark my old comrades made on finding me there was :

"A., I'd rather have your job than to be a Captain at the front."

Of course I always modestly disclaimed any special personal merit as accounting for my lofty position as "lance" Hospital Steward, and also of course there were things connected with the position there that Captains at the front really did have to stub along without. One of these things was a large, high-poster bed of colonial style, inclosed with mosquito netting, which made a safe and pleasant retreat from flies and other insects that flourished in Washington during war times.

It was sleeping in this luxurious bed that I was awakened about 1 o'clock a. m., July 9, 1864, by a noise that, as old-fashioned writers would say, "beggars description." My suspicion that it was the last trump proved to be unfounded. On going outside I found that it was only the "long roll" sounded by the drummers in all the camps in the vicinity of Washington. I had heard of Early's raid farther north and was expecting some trouble, so as soon as my hair could be coaxed to lie down I did the same, but was awakened at daybreak by the Steward, who cheered me with the assurance that Early would soon be upon us, and said that every man who could carry a gun would have to go in the defenses.

After getting my breakfast and taking the daily requisitions over to the Commissary, I got my gun and blankets at the storerooms and came to the office to get it in shape to leave. Then, for the first time, the Steward remembered that some men would be needed to keep the hospital work moving, and as he knew of no one familiar with my work, he ordered me to remain at the hospital. This I declined to do, and while he hurried to the Surgeon-in-Charge for an order to detain me, I hastened out thru the entrance to Harewood and waited to join the detachment going to the front. After uniting with other similar bodies of convalescents, we were organized into temporary battalions, ours being commandeed by a partially disabled Captain of the V. R. C., and moved out Seventh street road, occupying a line a little to the left and in advance of Fort Stevens.

Notwithstanding all the jokes about the mixed multitude that manned those works, I have always believed that they would have given a good account of themselves had it come to the test. Men who had faced the enemy in the Peninsular battles, at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, protected only by two thicknesses of shoddy which

covered their breasts, would ... without an obstinate dispute with Early have left their works

We remained in our position watching for the right of way. day of the 10th and until about noon of the 11th, when his advance came in sight and firing began. About 4 p. m. our line retired to a position just to the left of Fort Stevens and a brigade or a part of a brigade of Sixth Corps troops advanced and occupied the line from which the provisional troops had retired. We had no reason to expect help from the Army of the Potomac, and previous to our change of position believed that the defense of Washington depended solely on our thin line of partly disabled men; so as we realized all that was at stake, it goes without saying that these rugged veterans of the Greek Cross brought a feeling of relief indescribable.

THE PRESIDENT COMES TO THE FRONT.

It was well along in the afternoon of the 12th of July when preparations were completed on our side and our troops advanced upon the enemy. While the air was rent with the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the cheers and yells of the combatants, a carriage came down the pike near us and I saw the President, with two or three companions, get out and go into the fort, where history says he witnessed the fighting and was under fire the first and only time during the war.

I did not see him when he was commanded to come down from the parapet, but I did see the last of the rebels as they disappeared with the Sixth Corps boys in pursuit, and I knew that this "affair," as it was called, had saved Washington at the cost of the lives of some as gallant officers and men as ever wore the blue.

On my return to the hospital, sunburned, blistered and dusty, I took up my pen, and again occupied the colonial bed, altho my friend, the Hospital Steward, had solemnly promised that in case I did disobey him and go out in the defenses, I nevermore could order rations, carry the keys to the store-room, issue passes to the boys, or escort distinguished visitors thru the lofty corridors of the cooking departments and mess halls.

A VISIT FROM MRS. LINCOLN.

It was about this time that an incident occurred that in my own mind is always connected with Lincoln and war time, tho as a matter of fact it is only related to the former by marriage. I was busy in my office one forenoon, when I heard a light tap on the door and called "Come," as I usually did when the men knocked before entering. The door was opened rather slowly, and I saw two ladies standing outside. After apologizing for not coming to the door I invited them into

...to prefer to stay outside. I an-
the room; but the questions concerning the rations and mess halls,
saying all the time to recall where I had seen one of them. They asked if I could show them the storeroom, which occupied the opposite corner of the building, only an alley separating it from my office. I turned to get the key, which hung on my desk, when I heard a terrible sound of rushing and tramping feet, and as I came back to the door the Surgeon-in-Charge, two ladies, and three or four hospital attaches came up, and I inferred that something dreadful had happened, as indeed there had. It seemed that while the party was investigating the laundry department or the low-diet kitchen, my visitors had in some way eluded their companions and came to my room on their own responsibility, and as they happened to be Mrs. Abraham Lincoln and Mrs. Reuben E. Fenton, wives of the President of the United States and Governor or ex-Governor of the State of New York, Dr. B——, and the other members of the party naturally took their disappearance deeply to heart. However, it turned out all right. The Doctor recovered his breath without uncorking his wrath, I showed the ladies the treasures of the storeroom, and they returned to the White House happy in the consciousness of duty well done.

That Summer, both before and after Early's raid, I met Lincoln nearly every day as he passed to and from the President's Summer house in Soldiers' Home grounds, and the following Fall I cast my first vote at an election. I made up my ballot for the Republican electors in the manner prescribed for the voting of New York soldiers, and started it on its way to swell Lincoln's majority, but it failed to reach its destination. At an investigation some time after, I believe, it was shown that Gov. Seymour's State Agent for soldiers managed to make those Republican votes help elect a blatant Copperhead to a fat office in New York City.

On the 4th of March, 1865, S. H. Polley, 4th N. Y. H. A.; B. F. Wing, 33d Mass.; W. F. Bacon and myself attended the second inaugural of Lincoln. We went early and secured as favorable a place to witness the ceremony as could be found, except upon the platform. The crowd of spectators was composed chiefly of soldiers and colored people in about equal proportions. The day was raw, blustering and squally, but the corpulent contrabands who flanked our squad prevented our suffering from cold. I was only a few feet from the platform, and by paying strict attention heard every word of the inaugural address, which is now considered one of the classics of our language.

From my own experience and what I heard others say, I imagine the strong gusts of wind, with rain, prevented the majority of the assembly from hearing more than an occasional sentence of the address.

I was at first disappointed at the high, thin voice of the speaker, but as he grew more earnest his voice swelled full and clear, and from that day to this I have never been moved and thrilled by any speaker as I then was by Lincoln. More than 40 years have passed since then, but to-day I can shut my eyes and see Justice Chase in his official robes on that platform, surrounded by some of the most distinguished men known to history, the massive columns of the Capitol in the background, and Lincoln bending far over toward the multitude of soldiers who loved him and the negroes he had set free, and again hear him say, "With malice toward none, with charity for all," and I can realize far better now than I then could what his kindly feeling toward the rebels would have meant to them had his life been spared.

When it became evident that the end of the war was at hand, and the soldiers who survived would soon be returning to take up the work they had lain down to save the Nation, Lincoln gave Wednesday afternoon of each week to the reception of enlisted men of the army and navy. I saw no notice of it in the daily papers, but was told of it by a comrade who had attended one of the receptions. My friend Bacon and myself at once decided to go and shake hands with the President, so that our prospective children could take a just pride in at least one deed of their fathers. For some reason Bacon failed to go when the day came, and I went alone on the rapid transit horse-car line via Seventh street and Pennsylvania avenue, and found myself nearing the Treasury building sooner than I cared to.

The "Cannoneer" tells of his visit with Lincoln as if a private's chat with the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army was a commonplace affair, but I didn't feel that way at all. I walked from the Treasury building around to the White House, trying on the way to brace myself for the coming ordeal, but when I found myself in the ranks moving toward the President it was not such a trying affair as I had feared. Mr. Lincoln evidently was not expecting me that day, and so when I reached him I merely received a kindly greeting and a hand shake, passed right along and it was all over. However, there was one exeperience connected with that reception that I had never had before, even at his inauguration. Lincoln looked cheerful, if not actually happy. If my memory is correct, that was the last of the Wednesday receptions. Upon my return to camp the boys on duty there nearly all determined to attend the next social function at the White House, but the following week the President was in Richmond and their opportunity never came.

Forney's Washington Chronicle was the only daily paper known to a great majority of the thousands of soldiers in and around Washington during the later years of the war. I think it was the edition of April 13, 1863, that had in it an item

stating that there would be a grand torchlight procession the following evening of Government employes from the corrals and all places where civilians were employed in the vicinity of Washington, in honor of the surrender of the rebel army and the probable close of the war. Bacon and I immediately planned to make a success of it by being present ourselves, and when the time came Peter Gunst, a Hollander, belonging to the 2d Mich., went with us. We took a car that landed us near the Seventh street market about 6 o'clock, April 14, and went for supper to a restaurant which we usually patronized. Here we stayed until nearly time for the parade, then went to a place on Pennsylvania avenue which we had selected and remained there from beginning to end of the procession. This was two hours in passing, and compared with all other torchlight processions I have ever seen about as the Grand Review of the Army of the Potomac and Sherman's Army, a few weeks later, did with State militia reviews I have witnessed since the war.

After the procession had passed we were undecided where to go. Ford's Theater, where Laura Keene was then playing, and the "Canterbury" were proposed, but as it was getting late, we went to an institution near by known as the "Varieties," where songs and burlesque of a not particularly high grade were served to an audience not especially fastidious. We remained thru two acts of the great moral drama presented that evening, then came out, and just as we reached the platform at the bottom of the outside stairway that led to the entrance of the hall a hack drove up and the driver said:

"Boys, I just heard that the President was shot at Ford's Theater, not 10 minutes ago."

It is needless to tell how this was received. When the chaff with which we greeted him had settled and we found he was serious, we started and ran to Ford's, and in a very short time were crowding our way into the surging mass that filled the street in front of the theater. We succeeded in getting near enough to see that a man's form was being carried across the street, and that one of the bearers was Head Steward McEvoy, of Harewood. When the bearers had taken their precious burden into the Peterson house, and we learned there was yet life in it, we ran to Seventh street, caught the last car that went north that night, and hurried from the terminus up the street to the Park House, a war time hotel, where we took our usual route across the fields toward Harewood. We had only gone a few rods from the street, when we heard mounted men ride up, and sounds that indicated the stationing of a guard in front of the Park House. This guard, which belonged to the 16th N. Y. Cav., next morning, it was said, shot and killed a local whisky seller whose hatred of Lincoln got the better of his discretion. So far as I know, the only men

in the city that evening from our camp were Capt. Gilmore, Post Commissary Steward McEvoy, Bacon, Gunst and myself.

On our return to camp we woke our comrades and told them the horrible news. They had been dreaming of the coming of peace and of going home, and were wild with grief and rage; altho no one would believe the worst until all hope was destroyed by the confirmed report of Lincoln's death the next morning. Soldiers become accustomed to look upon death, under most conditions, with considerable indifference, but at Lincoln's death nearly every Union soldeir was possessed with a feeling of everwhelming sorrow and a fierce desire to punish to the utmost every guilty person.

At Harewood a new contract Surgeon, who failed to conceal his "Copperhead" sentiments, was only saved from hanging by the most determined efforts of other Surgeons and a faithful camp guard.

When the body of the murdered President lay in state at the White House nearly all my comrades went to see it; but I preferred to remember Lincoln as he looked when I shook hands with him a few days before, when his face seemed to express the joy at his relief from the burden he had borne so long and well.

After the first burst of grief among the soldiers was over, I think that what seemed the horrible injustice of the taking off of Lincoln, just at the moment of his triumph, was felt most strongly at the Grand Review, when the seat of honor to which only one man was entitled as Commander-in-Chief was occupied by an accident, instead of the man who more than any other made the glorious spectacle of the victorious columns of the returning veterans a possibility.

Abercrombie's Brigade, Couch's Division, and Keyes's Corps in the Action of July 1, 1862.

By Wm. J. W. Wray, Secretary, 23d Pa., Philadelphia, Pa.

As Comrade McElroy's able history, in The National Tribune, of the Army of the Potomac does not give space as to the details of the services of Abercrombie's Brigade in the action of Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862,—one of the best stand-up fights between the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia, an open field action without breastworks,—I inclose you this brief sketch of their services on that day.

The brigade, composed of the 23d, 61st, 82d Pa. and 65th N. Y. (Chasseurs), 67th N. Y. (1st Long Island), pulled out from White Oak Swamp on the night march of June 20 and took possession of Malvern Hill on the morning of the 30th. As we were marching up the road in the direction of the Hill Gen. McClellan and Staff passed us, arousing the greatest enthusiasm. Moving to the top of the hill we participated in the action of Turkey Bend. This action was fought principally by the batteries, Holmes's Division of Confederates having been sent from Richmond to secure Malvern Hill. Our division—Couch's—having arrived first with artillery made the position secure, and with good battery practice soon drove Holmes off. This was the extreme left of the Army of the Potomac's line during the action of Charles City Crossroads. On the top of the hill overlooking the valley of the James River was an old Colonial mansion called the Malvern House, which was used as a signal station to communicate with the gunboats on the James River.

Shortly after daylight of July 1 the brigade was formed into line of battle, facing a skirt of woods. It was here under a flank of fire of artillery very much exposed, and was ordered into the road along the edge of the woods, hugging its right bank. While here the 23d and 82d Pa. were detached and sent in support of Howe's Brigade. While passing thru a field of grain the enemy opened on the 23d with spherical caseshot. Emerging into the clearing it was put in support of Snow's Maryland Battery, which was hotly engaged with a Confederate battery across a ravine. Sharpshooters concealed in the brush skirting the ravine were picking off the battery boys. Skirmishers were sent in under Capt. Glenn, and after a spirited fight drove them out. During the time this affair was going on the 23d Pa. was hugging the ground in the rear of the battery, while an enfilading fire from the enemy's batteries was sweeping the ground a few feet from their rear, throwing the sand all over the men.

CHARGE IN THREE LINES.

About this time a grand charge was made by the Confederates in three lines of battle on Morrill's and Couch's Divisions, which held the front. The volume of yells as they came on was soon drowned by cheers from the Union side, and the charge repulsed. During this charge the balance of the brigade —the Chasseurs (65th New York), the 1st Long Island (67th New York), 31st or 82d Pa. and 61st Pa. were in the battle line, assisting in driving back the charging columns, while the 23d Pa. was in support of the battery in the bend of the line as it turned to the right.

When the Confederate battery was silenced the regiment was removed to the left, reporting to its Brigade Commander Gen. Abercrombie, and swinging into line of battle relieved the 1st Long Island and 61st Pa., who had expended their ammunition. The left of the 23d Pa. was in a very trying position, as the batteries immediately in its rear were firing over their heads. Several men were killed and wounded by the premature explosion of our own shells. The position was a most vital one, very necessary to maintain. Col. Neill, riding into the artillery, demanded that the guns be more elevated to clear the line. Soon was discovered a quarter of a mile across the clear fields three lines of battle emerging from the woods. They swept on, the batteries meanwhile making great gaps in their ranks, until well within range, when our lines opened upon them, the 23d holding its fire until the charging column was close up, when it opened a deadly pointblank volley, rapidly loading and firing with fearful effect. The men did not take time to return rammers, but stuck them in the ground. This was kept up until the enemy was forced to retire; as the smoke lifted off the field the ground seemed to be strewn with their killed and wounded. It was soon observed they were again advancing at a charge in three long battle lines, flags fluttering, and when within about a hundred yards, with yells, they came on a double-quick. It was a most critical moment, but our lines held firm, pouring into the charging columns a constant fire, finally compelling them to again fall back. It was now quite dark; our ammunition was exhausted, having used one hundred rounds per man. When the engagement closed the brigade was relieved and stacked arms on the field, with the injunction that ammunition would, if possible, be furnished, but in the meantime we must depend upon the bayonet. We did not receive ammunition until reaching Harrison's Landing at 4 p. m. the next day. After stacking arms it was our luck to bivouac in front of some wheat stacks, and soon we were sleeping as contentedly as if ensconced in a feather bed.

LONGSTREET DIRECTS THE FIGHT.

It appears from Confederate reports that at the opening of the fight Gen. Lee, feeling unwell, called Gen. Longstreet to temporary service near him, while he rode to the left with Jackson's column to view the troops on that front.

Longstreet was ordered to make a reconnoissance with the divisions of Huger and Magruder to the right of the position and report as to the possibility of an aggressive battle.

An elevated plateau was found in their front as high as that on the Union side, from which a view was provided along the Union front and of the open ground as far as Jackson's field. From the crest of the ridge the ground dropped off sharply some 18 inches or two feet to a lower terrace, forming a natural parapet and terreplain capable of accommodating 60 guns massed. Longstreet reported to Lee that Porter's batteries under the cross-fire of the Confederates thus posted on the Union left and front could be thrown into disorder and in this manner make way for combined assaults of the infantry. Lee ordered a disposition of his forces accordingly, sending the pioneer corps to cut a road for the batteries to this position on their right. The most convenient point for observing the effect of the artillery fire was occupied by Gen. Armistead's Brigade, which was obliquely in front of Morrill's Division. Porter, whose batteries had been engaged with Jackson on the left of the Confederate position, as soon as he discerned their artillery going into position to his left and front concentrated his battery fire in that direction, and as fast as they came into position piling them into a mass, rendering them hors du combat. Lee, about this time, concluded to make an effort to turn the Union right, and with Longstreet rode in that direction in search of a route, at the same time ordering the reserves to make the movement. As they started on the march the troops on the right advanced and were soon engaged; the march was arrested and soon the assault along the line from left to right began. The Confederates attacked in splendid style, making repeated, brave charges; finally, however, they were repulsed along the entire line.

THE CONFEDERATES AGREEABLY SURPRISED.

The writer afterwards had a conversation with a Confederate Sergeant, who was wounded and captured in one of the later battles, and in speaking of this action said that after the last charge he was unable to find any of the men of his company until the next morning; that the roads and woods were filled with their demoralized troops en route to Richmond, and it was not until 11 a. m., as one of the skirmishers advanced to feel our position, was agreeably surprised to find our army gone.

Couch's Division lost, killed and wounded, 676; our brigade, Abercrombie's, losing about 230 of this number.

The troops that fought this battle were Morrill's, Couch's, Sykes's, Hooker's and Kearny's Divisions of the Union Army, as against Magruder's, Huger's, D. H. Hill's, Whiting's, Ewell's and A. P. Hill's Divisions of the Confederate forces, the brunt of the attack falling upon Morrill's Division of Porter's Corps and Couch's Division of Keyes's Corps. The Confederates lost 5,000; the Union lost 2,000 killed and wounded.

Some of the Confederate brigades that suffered severely in these charges were the South Carolina Brigade, Hood's Brigade, Armistead's Virginia Brigade, Field's Virginia Brigade, Gregg's South Carolina Brigade, Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade, Ransom's North Carolina Brigade, Rhodes's Brigade, G. B. Anderson's Brigade, and Garland's North Carolina Brigade.

REPORT OF GEN. ABERCROMBIE.

"I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by my brigade in the action of July 1, 1862. On the 30th of June my brigade crossed Turkey Creek Bridge and proceeded on the road to Richmond, about two miles, and deployed in the line of battle to the right of the road in an elevated field, where it remained for a few hours, but finding my position much exposed to the enemy's shells at long range, another and less exposed position was taken. No advances being made by the rebels, the brigade bivouacked for the night. Early on the morning of the 1st instant orders from division headquarters were received to cross a ravine immediately in the front of my line in support of a portion of Howe's Brigade and several batteries previously advanced to Malvern Hill. It was soon discovered the enemy was preparing for an attack both in front and on our left, as they were seen to emerge in great force in both directions. Two regiments, viz. the 1st U. S. Chasseurs and the 61st Pa., moved up to the support of Griffin's Battery, and the 62d N. Y. With the three other regiments of my brigade, viz, 31st and 23d Pa. and 1st Long Island, I moved to the support of Gen. Howe's Brigade and took up a position on the crest of the hill on the right of the tongue of woods. Subsequently the 1st U. S. Chasseurs and 31st Pa. were ordered to take up their position in line of battle across the extreme point of this tongue of woods in support of Gen. Palmer's Brigade. The 23d Pa. were sent to the support of Gen. Howe's Brigade while the remaining regiments, 1st L. I. and 61st Pa., formed line of battle on the edge of the timber almost perpendicular to the batteries. The enemy appearing in large force on the left with obvious intention of charging the batteries. The 1st Long Island and 61st Pa. changed fronts and under the fire of the batteries they held this position under a heavy fire of the enemy until relieved (their ammunition

being exhausted) by the 23d Pa., Col. Neill, who continued a heavy fire upon the enemy until dark, when 60 rounds per man having been expended they were relieved by a regiment of Gen. Sickles's Brigade. The 1st Chasseurs and the 31st Pa. meanwhile had been under a heavy fire from the enemy's artillery and infantry and after expending all their ammunition they were relieved by some regiments of Gen. Hooker's Division.

"The brigade then returned to the position they had occupied in the morning, where they bivouacked until orders were received to take up the line of march. From early in the morning until dark the brigade was exposed to the storm of shot and shell from the enemy's batteries and during the afternoon were hotly engaged with a much superior force of the enemy's infantry.

"During the heat of the contest and while the brigade was between the enemy and our own batteries (which was firing over their heads) several unfortunate accidents occurred which resulted in the loss of some men. In consequence I was induced to ride up to them with a view of increasing the elevation of some of the pieces and again to communicate with the Division Commander, Gen. Couch, whom I found nearby in a much exposed position calmly directing the operations of his division. When I informed him of the fact that most of the regiments of my brigade had expended all of their ammunition (60 rounds), a portion of Hooker's Division was ordered to relieve them. The regiments composing my brigade all acquitted themselves thruout the battle in a highly commendable manner: the commanders of the regiments, Col. Shaler, of the Chasseurs; Col. Cross, of the 1st Long Island; Col. Neill, of the 23d Pa., and Lieut.-Col. Vallee, commanding temporarily the 61st Pa., exhibited a great deal of coolness and managed their regiments in the most satisfactory manner. Col. Williams's regiment having been engaged for the greatest part of the time farther to the right of Gen. Howe's Brigade, I am unable to say more than this, from their uniform good conduct in other battles I have no doubt that it and its commander conducted itself most gallantly." * * *

GEN. HOWE'S REPORT.

Extracts from Gen. Howe's report: "I was soon again reinforced by Capt. Snowe's Battery and the 23d Pa., Col. Neill. On being reinforced by Capt. Snowe's Battery I immediately placed it in a favorable position to bear upon the rebel battery that had annoyed us with its fire in the beginning of the action. The battery at once opened fire upon them with fine effect, the spherical caseshot doing great execution on their teams, and among their artillerymen. The rebel battery replied spiritedly for a time, and after a sharp cannonading from our battery drew it off the field."

Extracts from Gen. Couch's (Division Commander) report: "I have the honor to state that at 2 a. m., July 1, Gen. Sumner, to whose support I had marched with two brigades the night previous, gave me orders to return to the position occupied the evening before on Malvern Hill. The brigades were posted on the right of the James River road looking westward. The other brigade of the division, Abercrombie's, lay a few hundred yards to the rear. The 7th Mass. and 2d R. I. being on detached service much weakened the command. Part of Porter's Corps was to my left across the road, including two batteries. Kingsbury's splendid battery (formerly Griffin's) was on my left front, Palmer's Brigade in a strong wooded ravine a little to right of the battery and running to the front 200 yards. One of Howe's regiments, the 67th N. Y., was strongly posted in a peach orchard to the rear and between the battery and Palmer. To the right of Palmer was an oat field sloping to the front and skirted on the right by a tangled marsh and wooded bank. This was my right, held by Gen. Howe. In the course of the morning he was reinforced by part of Abercrombie's command, and the balance occupied the ground with Palmer. My own artillery being several miles to the rear, Gen. Heintzelman sent me a battery for my right, but afterwards withdrew it to place it probably on his own front. To my right lay Kearny, who, during the day, advanced two regiments of Robinson's Brigade to sustain Howe in case of need. The ground in front of me was open to within 150 yards from right to left. Across the road in front of Griffin the country was open for three-fourths of a mile, making it very favorable for our artillery. Gen. McClellan rode over the ground in the morning with the engineer officers and designated the ground different corps were to occupy. Gen. Porter also rode up about the same time. By 8 a. m. there were signs of the rebels in front, and at 9 o'clock Berdan's Sharpshooters were driven in. The rebels were driven off by artillery alone. From this time until 1 p. m. the contest was on, both sides in the hands of the artillerists—then they pushed forward a column to carry the left of the line held by Griffin. They were driven back disorganized and cut up by our artillery alone. Their batteries played upon us without intermission, but owing to the care used in masking the men our loss from it was not serious, with the exception of a battery to the right that enfiladed my position.

"About 3 p. m. a brigade broke thru the opening in the woods in front of Palmer and Abercrombie, but Kingsbury's Battery, together with the steady fire of the 10th Mass. and a charge of the 36th N. Y., drove them back in confusion—the latter regiment capturing the colors of the 14th N. C. in hard conflict. This movement of the rebels was a rash one, or a ruse to draw our troops on to disadvantageous ground—undoubtedly the latter—and it did not succeed. The enemy was

now massing large columns on our front. At about 4:30 p. m., after an incessant cannonade, they boldly pushed forward a large column from their right in the open field to carry Griffin's position. The fire of the three batteries was concentrated upon them. Kingsbury's Battery having been withdrawn for ammunition, was relieved by three guns of Battery C, Rhode Island Artillery, and two guns (Allen's 5th Mass.) under Capt. Weeden. The attacking column kept on, continually reinforced, until within range of Griffin's rifles, when it was stopped and formed in line.

A SUBLIME SIGHT.

"From this until 8 p. m. there was enacted one of the sublimest sights ever presented in war, resulting in a glorious victory to our arms. The action now being general, I assumed command of the whole line for the time, ordered up the reserves on the left, placed in position regiments falling back and posted those bravely moving forward, many of the regiments having already masked the fire of our artillery. Upon seeing the advance on the left Abercrombie and Palmer pushed forward their brigades in front of the artillery in order to drive back the foe. The enemy continually reinforcing their column of attack, besides advancing heavy reserves in support, Abercrombie and Palmer became engaged to their left and right.

"Gen. Caldwell, of Richardson's Division, having been sent to my support by Gen. Sumner, now went into action, joining my brave division fiercely engaged. The enemy were making desperate efforts to drive in my right. Gen. Heintzelman sent me Seeley's Battery, which, under De Russey, Chief of the Artillery, and with the advice of Gen. Howe, was established on the ground held by this latter officer. It did its duty well. Gen. Porter came upon the ground about 6 p. m. Later Gen. Sickles, of Hooker's Division, reported to me with three regiments, leading his men directly into action, relieveing some of my division, whose ammunition was expended. At about 7 p. m. Gen. Meagher, with his brigade, reported to me from Gen. Sumner and was posted on the left of Griffin's batteries. Night closed upon us still fighting, the opposing forces only known by their line of fire, those of the rebels gradually slackening until 8:30 p. m., after which an occasional cannon shot from our batteries only broke the stillness that pervaded this bloody field.

"Thus ended the battle of Malvern Hill, which caused great carnage and demoralization among the best divisions of the enemy with comparatively small loss on our side.

"Gens. Abercrombie and Palmer formed a line with their brigades that not a private retreated from. Gen. Howe, on the right, held his position and drove the enemy back. * * * This army did brilliant service. It could not have been excelled. * * * * * Having received orders from Gen.

McClellan to fall back, about midnight my troops were gradually withdrawn from the field. From some prisoners we learned that the enemy was falling back, expecting to be attacked in the morning. Both armies retreated, the one because it was beaten, the other because it was part of the plans of our General."

The Confederates distinguished themselves by their great gallantry in their desperate, repeated charges at Malvern Hill; they came on three times to be driven back each time over their killed and wounded. It was a hotly-contested fight, highly creditable to both sides—that of the Confederates in their brave, persistent, desperate assaults,—that of the Yanks in their indomitable staying qualities.

With Mosby at Winchester.

The Reminiscence of a Private.

By Henry S. Clapp, Norwalk, Ohio.

My bunkmate's name was Cole. I think he must have been a descendant of the famous old king whose fondness for his pipe, bowl and fiddlers has come down to us in nursery rhyme Not that my friend was given to over-indulgence in any of these things, but he was a jolly soul, and is to this day, though he lost his good right arm at Winchester. We were husky, well-grown farmer boys, not lacking in patriotism, but much needed at home, which accounts for our remaining there until Lincoln's call for "six hundred thousand more." Then we enlisted in Co. B of the 123d Ohio.

In October, 1862, the fortunes of war sent our regiments to West Virginia. In the following five months we marched and counter-marched to and thru New Creek, St. George, Buckhannon, Beverly, Huttonville, Webster, Petersburg, Moorfield and Romney. In March, 1863, we moved thru Blue Gap into the beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah and to Winchester. We put up our Sibley tents on a pleasant grassy spot in the outskirts of the town. Our life in the three months of our stay in this camp was both busy and pleasant. Our time was fully taken up with drill, picket duty and frequent raids up the Valley to Strasburg, Gordonsville, New Market and other towns. In all of this time our regiment had never been in an engagement, and I think I can safely say that we of Co. B had never seen an armed Confederate.

REBEL CAVALRY IN SIGHT.

On the evening of June 12 Co. B was ordered out for special duty. I think we went out on the Front Royal road perhaps three miles. It was a beautiful moonlight night and our orders to move quietly put a glamour of mystery and adventure over the proceeding that appealed to our young blood. About 10 o'clock we bivouacked in a grove of small timber near the road, and those of us so fortunate as to escape picket duty sank down upon the dewy grass and slept soundly until morning. We were not allowed to build fires, and so ate our brakfast without coffee.

About 9 a. m. the pickets reported rebel cavalry in sight. We had been looking for rebels for months, and now our hopes or fears were about to be realized, but we only saw one, a cavalryman on a distant hillside. As he was beyond musket

range we made no effort to molest him, and he soon disappeared. We returned to Winchester and found our camp deserted, except the sick and a few guards. After eating a hasty dinner we moved out on the Valley pike two or three miles to Kernstown, where we found the regiment resting in a little grove to the left of the pike. This was a quiet seriousness about the men that told us plainer than words that there was something doing. There is nothing more trying to a soldier's courage than the period of inaction which often precedes a battle. It is then that thots of home and loved ones make life seem a thing too precious to be wantonly thrown away; but when the time for action comes, the words of command, the sound of the bugles, the cheers of the victors and the groans of the dying drive all thots of self away, and the soldier becomes again merely a part of a fighting machine called an army. Soon tired, dejected looking troops of cavalry began to come in from the front with an occasional ambulance filled with wounded. In answer to our inquiries as to the rebels we got the uncomfortable assurance that we would "find plenty of them back there."

About 4 p. m. the regiment moved by the right flank across the pike near the old stone mill, then facing to the left we moved in line of battle up the slope of the long hill. That we were novices in the art of war is shown from the fact that we were moving towards an unseen foe in double ranks, close order, with no skirmish line in front of us. We came to a halt on the bare crest of the hill. Before us lay an open field, perhaps forty rods across.

A BELLIGERENT SKIRMISH LINE.

Near the farther side of this field was the most active and belligerent rebel skirmish line it was ever my misfortune to meet. One glance at them told that they were veterans. I was so charmed with their manner of doing business that I think I must have gazed at them for a moment with open-mouthed admiration. They would take deliberate aim at us, fire, and then setting the butts of their guns on the ground move around them in a circle while loading, and doing it all with a careless indifference to danger which was hard to comprehend by a tenderfoot who had not yet learned that a soldier's life is an incident, the closing of which is not worth a moment's thot.

Back of their skirmish line was a stone wall, behind which lay the rebel line of battle. We gave them a volley at once, and then loaded and fired at will. For one bloody half hour we stood in that unprotected spot. in double ranks, close order, a human wall, stopping every bullet that did not go over our heads. Laughable as it may seem, my greatest fear was from the guns of my comrades in the rear rank. The muzzles of

those guns were uncomfortably close to our ears and some of the hands that held them rather unsteady. I have often wondered why my comrades never roasted me in later years for turning around that day and telling them to be *careful about their shooting back there.* My ideas at that time of the risks a soldier takes in battle were limited.

Of the scenes and incidents crowded into that short time I have but an indistinct recollection. Those which stand out clearest in my memory are the tragic ones, the look upon the faces of mortally wounded comrades sinking down upon the field to die; one, crazed by a horrible wound in the face, covered with blood, staggering about among us for a moment. These are some of the scenes I would gladly forget.

We soon fell back in orderly retreat to a stone wall near the mill, where we remained unmolested until after dark. Then we moved back near Winchester and stood in line in a dirty street thru the long, wretched night, during a part of which the rain came down in torrents. We were tired, hungry, wet and disheartened over the loss of our comrades and our defeat. We gladly welcomed the daylight and an order to move back to our old camp. What a feeling of sadness came over us as we of mess No. 1 went into our almost deserted tent. We had left six or seven of our happy military family dead or wounded on yesterday's battlefield. Eating a hasty breakfast, we shouldered our knapsacks and, deserting our once pleasant camp, moved into the rifle pits near the fort, where we remained thru the day.

LEE'S ARMY TIGHTENING ITS COILS.

Lee's army was gradually tightening its coils around us. Towards night the rebel batteries on three sides of us began shelling the fort, but did no great damage. At midnight we received orders to evacuate Winchester. Not a wheel was to be moved. Co. B was sent to the wagon yard to secure the horses. We gathered up such horses and trappings as we could find in the dark and followed the infantry and cavalry out on the Martinsburg pike. We had gone perhaps four miles. Day was beginning to break when a few shots were heard in front. Then came the sound of hurried commands to the infantry forming in line of battle; then the crash of musketry.

Soon word came back to us that our troops were surrendering and that we should escape if possible. We were opposite an orchard, with low stone wall between it and the pike.

The cavalry went over the wall and down thru the orchard and we followed them. The sound of the guns had excited my horse and he charged over the wall and under the trees in a way that came near unseating me. Striking into a by-road that led towards the mountains, we followed the cavalry at a wild gallop. I had my knapsack on my back and my gun hung over

my shoulder. There did not seem to be a concert of action between these articles and my horse. When he was going down they would be going up, and vice-versa, and I between them was getting the worst of it. I realized that it was necessary to throw some of my ballast overboard. My knapsack contained my scanty change of clothing and some useful little articles brought from home. I disliked to part with it, but it would not do to drop my musket. I had enlisted to save the Union, and I could never do it without a gun. In those early days of our service we still clung to ideals which possessed us when we enlisted. Later on, when our enthusiasm had become somewhat tempered in the fire of experience, we were content to do the duty set before us and not so ready to go out of our way to meet dangers we knew not of, or knowing, thot best to avoid.

ENTHUSIASTIC DICK.

It was this ideal which caused our genial old messmate "Dick" Evans to voluntarily shoulder his musket and go out with the regiment when the long roll sounded the call to battle. "Dick" was detailed for special service in the regiment which excused him from other duty. He was mortally wounded in the first day's fight and died in a Confederate hospital a few days later. It was the same spirit which inspired our popular Commissary Sergeant, Fred Wickham, to borrow a gun and go out with the regiment on that day. Fred did his duty like the brave soldier that he was and came out without a scratch, but he got his fill of fighting. Ever after when the long roll sounded, Fred would get busy among the hardtack, salt pork and other delicacies of the commissary department, and pretend that he did not hear it. But, to get back to my subject, if I saved my gun the knapsack must go, so the next time I felt it trying to lift me off my horse I slipped out of it. I had left my bunk-mate on the field of the first day's fight with a shattered elbow. With a fickleness common to our frail human nature, I had immediately attached myself to another, and we rode together thru the long, wearisome day. Altho used to riding, I had not been on a horse for months. I was mounted on a large, raw-boned horse with a backbone like the top rail of a fence. I had no saddle and only a light blanket under me. It is not necessary to give further particulars to convince the reader that the ride was, to say the least, *unpleasant.*

REACHING THE RAILROAD.

About 4 p. m. we rode into a little station on the B. & O. R. R. A train was about to leave which would take us still farther away from trouble. The train was not made up of Pullmans or even day coaches, but we were in a codition to

welcome anything on *wheels*. But the horses; we had been ordered to ride them out of Winchester to save them from capture by the Confederates. We had done so at considerable personal suffering, and we resolved that the sacrifice should not be made in vain, so we led them up to the commanding officer of the cavalry we had been following and turned them over to his tender mercies; then with lightened conscience we grasped our guns, crawled into a box car, and, making ourselves as comfortable as possible on the bare floor, we took an inventory of the things we had to be thankful for, and let the other side go unbalanced. Within a few days we were, with our refugees from Winchester, in camp near the little town of Bath, Pa., where we remained several weeks. On the afternoon of July 3 those of us who were beyond the noise of our camp could hear the roar of the guns that preceded Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

Brunts of Battle.

A Study of Some which Occurred on the Red River Campaign

By R. H. Martin, 46th Ind., Delphos, Ohio.

Editor National Tribune: In reading the letter of Comrade E. A. Crandall, 23d Wis., which appeared in The National Tribune of the 13th inst., I first became aware of the request of J. D. Johnson, of Tyler, Texas, for information regarding the number of troops engaged and the losses sustained at Sabine Crossroads and Pleasant Hill, La., April 8-9, 1864. You reply by quoting Col. Richard B. Irwin, of Gen. Banks's staff, as saying: "At Sabine Crossroads Emory, who bore the brunt of the fight, had but 5,000 men, of whom he lost 115 killed, 648 wounded and 1,422 missing."

This reads like a story from the "Arabian Nights," and makes a splendid companion piece to Col. Risdon M. Moore's late romance of "My command and what we did at the Battle of Pleasant Hill, La., April 9, 1864," and should be read in conjunction with it, to get at the true inwardness of what we don't know about the battles of Sabine Crossroads and Pleasant Hill.

When a person asks information from such authority as The National Tribune he does not care to have any old thing fired back at him in reply, but expects something that he can depend upon. In quoting Col. Irwin, instead of Gen. Emory, you got so far from the truth that I thot it about time to sound the recall. I have a dim remembrance of hearing something about this brunt business once before, and from a different quarter of the globe, so, while we are at it we will put in a little time looking after brunts. Col. Irwin says that out of 5,000 men, Gen. Emory lost 2,185, killed, wounded and missing, or about 40 per cent of his command. This would form a pretty fair sized brunt if you could get it to materialize, but unfortunately this is Col. Irwin's brunt and not Gen. Emory's. It is a pretty hard matter to get at the real facts in the case, as some of the A. A. G.'s were inclined to soldier at times, and to save elbow grease would condense the results of several engagements, which, however satisfactory to them then, has later proven very discouraging to the seeker after details.

A HUNT FOR "BRUNTS."

In fact, in many instances, the records do not record, and the reader is left to figure it out for himself, strike an average, shut his eyes and guess at it. I am not, as Col. McElroy lately remarked, "throwing epitaphs," or handing around carnations, but am on a quiet hunt for *brunts* of different dimensions,

shapes and colors, and from all the information obtainable, aside from that presented by Cols. Moore and Irwin, I find the following to be about as near the center as I can get it without the compasses:

Gen. A. L. Lee says he had *about* 3,300 men at Sabine Crossroads, of whom he lost 39 killed, 250 wounded and 144 missing. Total, 433, or a little over 13 per cent.

The Thirteenth Corps carried into the engagement 3,706 men, and lost 53 killed, 249 wounded and 1,104 missing. Total of 1,406, or slightly under 38 per cent.

Gen. Emory does not state the number of men engaged, but from what I can gather he must have had 5,500 at Pleasand Grove, of whom he says: "Our loss in killed, wounded and missing was 13 officers and 343 men." Total, 356, or about 6 1-2 per cent. These statements are not made for invidious comparison, but simply to show how easily it is to be mistaken.

The troops that fought the battle of Sabine Crossroads were, from all the information at hand, about as evenly matched numerically as it was possible for them to be without an actual count; namely, about 12,000 men.

It must be borne in mind, however, that while Taylor fell back, concentrated his troops and was fully prepared for the conflict. Banks was, or appeared to be, entirely ignorant of and Franklin supremely indifferent to the situation in front. This is amply proven by Gen. Lee, who says:

"At about 1 p. m., and shortly after we had occupied the ground, Maj.-Gen. Banks, with his staff, arrived upon the field and directed me by a staff officer to report to him. I reported in person and explained to him the disposition of my force, and so far as possible the strength and position of the enemy, stating, in my opinion, we could not with our present force drive them, and that we must either fall back or be heavily reinforced to advance. He directed me to retain my present positions, observe closely the enemy, and report any movement, stating his intention to immediately order forward infantry. * * * About 4 p. m. I received an order, thru a staff officer of Gen. Banks, 'to dispose my troops to advance to Mansfield.' I immediately reported in person to Gen. Banks, representing to him that the troops were already disposed for an advance, but that none could be made without bringing on an engagement. He then directed me to let them remain, and immediately sent an officer to the rear to hasten forward the infantry. At this moment, I received the following dispatch from Gen. Franklin:

"'Ten Miles from Pleasant Hill,
April 8, 1864; 1:30 p. m.

"'Brig.-Gen. A. L. Lee, Commanding Cavalry.

"'General: I have just received your dispatch of 11:45 a. m. You have doubtless been joined by Gen. Ransom with

another brigade by this time, and Gen. Banks left here about 11 o'clock to go to the front. I hope to be able to get up part of Gen. Emory's force to you tomorrow to relieve Gen. Ransom's. In the meantime let me know anything that may occur.

"'Yours respectfully,

"'W. B. FRANKLIN,
"'Major-General Commanding.'"

MISMANAGEMENT OF TRAINS AND TROOPS.

It required two and one-half hours for this dispatch to reach Gen. Lee at the front, a distance of not over six miles, and he hoped to cover that distance the next day with Emory's Division. Regarding the loose manner of our advance and the persistent pushing forward of the cavalry wagon train, Gen. Banks puts the blame on Gen. Franklin, where, from all accounts, it rightfully belongs. He says: "The results of the positions of the cavalry train, and the loose order of march by the leading column of troops under Maj.-Gen. Franklin, on the 8th of April, before the battle of Sabine Crossroads, have been stated. A commanding officer is, of course, responsible for all that occurs to his command, whatever may have been the cause. I do not shrink from that responsibility. But while it was both proper and necessary for me to give personal attention to the prompt advance of all the troops and fleet from Grand Ecore on the morning of the 7th, it was supposed that the movement of a single column of 13,000 men, moving in advance on one road for a distance of less than 50 miles in such manner as to be able to encounter the enemy if he offered resistance, might safely be intrusted to an officer of the reputation and experience of Maj.-Gen. Franklin, whose rank, except in one instance, was superior to that of any officer of the expedition or of the Department of the Gulf."

Gen. Lee had repeatedly requested that his train might be left with the infantry train, which request had as often been refused, unless he would place it entirely in the rear, which I think Gen. Franklin had no just right to demand and which Gen. Lee very properly refused to do, claiming, and rightly, that as his command led the advance, his train should occupy the same relative position.

At 9 p. m. on the 8th he again requested that his train be held back out of the way, without receiving any reply thereto, and on the morning of the battle, about 11 a. m., while at Carroll's Mill, Gen. Franklin personally gave orders to the Quartermaster of the Fourth Brigade to "do his best to keep the train well closed." This continual nagging at Gen. Lee to keep his train well closed up and out of the way of the infantry not only lost us the train itself, but nearly all of our artillery, and more than any other one thing was the cause of our defeat. Strung out over a long distance of bad road, separated beyond

supporting distance by the trains, double-quicked for miles and thrown into the fight like chunks of beef thrown to the wild animals in a menagerie, the only wonder is that we put up as good a fight as we did. The immense superiority of the enemy numerically at every time and place was clearly shown by the ease with which they flanked us out of every position after repeated and vain attempts to drive us by front attacks.

THE BRUNT OF THE BATTLE.

The brunt of the fight for the Nineteenth Corps was not in the losses sustained, but in the shock of having to stand firm and undismayed in the face of the disorganized troops surging back from the front closely followed by the victorious enemy, and if the captured wagon train with its rich booty had not to a great extent attracted their attention, I very much fear that Emory's Division could not have withstood the shock. None know the terrible strain of such a situation so well as those who have passed thru the ordeal. If given my choice of positions that day, the last I should have thought of occupying was that held by the First Division, Nineteenth Corps. If they had been seized with a panic or had given way after the most stubborn and protracted fighting, the fate of the whole "shooting match," including our command, A. J. Smith's and Admiral Porter's fleet of gunboats, could have been summed up in the one little insignificant looking word of six letters, "Dennis." No matter how strenuously me and my command had fought, the result would have been the same, and I very much doubt if a "Corporal's guard" of us would have reached the Mississippi River at Morganza Bend.

PLEASANT HILL.

As to the battle of Pleasant Hill on the 9th, Gen. Banks in his report says: "We had fought the battle of Pleasant Hill with about 15,000 against 22,000 men and won a victory. The losses sustained in the very severe battles of the 7th, 8th and 9th of April amounted to about 3,969 men." According to the returns, however, the losses were only 3,659.

Kirby Smith says: "From the best information we can obtain, Gen. Banks's command numbered at least 35,000, of which 28,000 were engaged at Pleasant Hill on the 9th. * * Our whole force was under 16,000. * * * Our losses severe —over 2,000 killed and wounded."

Dick Taylor says: "With 12,000 men we had attacked 20-odd thousand, many of them fresh troops, posted strongly on ground unknown to us. * * * Thus was defeated this great expedition for the conquest of the Trans-Mississippi Department. The third army of the enemy in point of numbers on the theater of war was routed and driven from the field with a loss of at least 10,000 men. * * * A consolidated

report of the casualties of the two battles accompanies this report. * * * The casualties of the cavalry will swell the whole loss to 2,500."

Our losses at Pleasant Hill were as follows: Sixteenth Corps, 98 killed, 540 wounded, and 115 missing. Gen. Emory says: "Our loss this day was, in killed, wounded and missing, 28 officers and 473 men." The loss of the cavalry was 28 men killed, wounded and missing. Total, 1,282. I think it a safe proposition to assume that the loss of the enemy was much greater in killed and wounded than ours from the fact that they were the attacking party in every instance and their well known tendency to magnify our numbers and losses and minimize their own.

ANYBODY BUT FRANKLIN.

Had any other General but Franklin been in command of our advance, composed of detachments of the Thirteenth and Nineteenth Corps, on April 7th and 8th, the history of Sabine Crossroads would have been written in very different characters, and had the First Division, Nineteenth Corps, been conspicuous by its absence the next day that battle would have had a far different ending, and Col. Moore's little romance of Pleasant Hill would have been written with an "if."

The "Last Shot" Fired At and From Port Hudson.

It Was Fired at Section of the 2d Mass. Battery.

By Rich'd B. Hall, First Lieutenant, 2d Mass. Battery, L. A., 40 State St., Boston, Mass.

Editor National Tribune: I promised to send to your paper a correct statement of just what did take place in regard to the "last shot" to and from Port Hudson. I shall, also, correct a statement of an Indiana man, regarding the dismounting of the rebel battery in our center. This battery and two pieces of artillery were dismounted; that is, the carriages of both pieces were disabled beyond use by two shots from a 2-pound parrot gun in a cottonbale battery, constructed by Col. Halbert E. Payne's men, of the 4th Wis., at a point in the front of that regiment's quarters. This battery was so constructed as to enable the two guns that were mounted to fire enfilading shots at the rebel battery mentioned. Our battery, the 2d Mass., was in camp back of the center of our line surrounding Port Hudson. I knew Col. Payne (afterwards Gen. Payne), but at that time a Colonel in the command of a brigade of the Nineteenth Army Corps. Gen. N. P. Banks and I walked over to his headquarters on the right of our line, in a sort of a "dugout," to make a call on the Colonel. I found him in his quarters, and he said:

"Hall! I am glad to see you; you are just the man I want. I have been building a cottonbale battery out in our front, and have mounted two 20-pound parrot rifle guns. They are pretty accurate shooters. I think the battery is complete. Come on, let's go out there, and if they are ready, I wish you to make a shot or two at those two pieces in our front—that is in the center of our line. They have been very troublesome and there has seemed to be no way of silencing them."

We walked out to the front, and the battery was ready. Col. Payne asked me to go ahead and try my hand at some shooting. I took my powerful field glass, and calculated the distance to be one mile. I gave the gunner the elevation for his piece for that distance. Our artillery table gave the degree of elevation for all distances, and he depressed the breech of the gun by the screw attachment for the purpose, until the indicator of the piece denoted the depression that I desired. I sighted the piece for the gun the farthest off, and ordered the gunner to fire. Col. Payne and myself took our field glasses, and the Colonel said:

"Hall, that is the best I ever saw. You have dismounted that piece. Now go at the other one."

I had the parrot rearranged for the "recoil," decreased slightly only the elevation, sighted it again and ordered the gunner to fire. The result was that the other piece was also dismounted. Our field glasses showed this distinctly. Immediately the trees inside the fort were filled with sharpshooters, and Col. Payne said:

"Hall, this is too warm a place for us now. The men in the battery can find protection behind their cotton bales. We had best hurry back to our "dugout" and talk the matter over. It is the best artillery practice I ever saw or heard of."

I said: "Yes, Colonel, I happened to guess the distance correctly; that being done, the rest was easy, for those long barrel rifled parrot guns are the most accurate shooters known in artillery practice."

Possibly, hardly probable, this Indiana man might have been the gunner in Col. Payne's battery. I say it is "hardly probable," for the chances are 100 to one that there were no men in that battery except members of Col. Payne's own regiment, the 4th Wis. The Colonel may have had this gunner detailed to his battery; but if he did, he had nothing to do with the firing of the piece, except to carry out my orders as to the depressing his piece at the breech, and after I had sighted the piece, to pull his lanyard at my order to "fire."

Now as to the "last shot," our battery, the 2d Mass. Battery, was away over on the right of the line of our forces surrounding Port Hudson, supporting the "Forlorn Hope." Late in the afternoon of the 8th day of July, 1863, an order came to the Captain of the battery to detail a section of his battery to proceed to the rear of our lines at Port Hudson, to the extreme left of such line, where a steamer would be in readiness to transport the section to the opposite side of the Mississippi River. Orders would be given the Lieutenant in command of the section, on his arrival at the point of embarkation, where an officer from the staff of the Commanding General would meet him with full instructions. I being the Senior First Lieutenant in command of the right section of the battery, my section, under my command, was detailed for the duty. We traveled from camp around the line of our troops, and arrived at the place of embarkation at about 12 o'clock midnight. We were used to loading and unloading aboard steamers, and we all got aboard by about 1:30 a. m. of July 9, 1863. We steamed across the river and unloaded again on the other side. On the steamer, crossing the river, the officer of Gen. Banks's staff brought to me a Zouave—one of the "Red-Legged Zouaves," as we called them, a member of the 165th N. Y.—who had recently escaped from Port Hudson, where he had been a prisoner, at the risk of his life. He had not only to avoid the sentinels, who were ever watchful, in his attempt to escape, and his only way of gaining the Federal side was by swimming thru a whirlpool in the river at this point.

He selected this point, as the sentinels were so confident that no one could swim thru this pool, that they did not guard that point as carefully as other means of egress from the fort. He, however, succeeded in passing thru the pool, and came into our lines almost exhausted. He reported to Gen. Banks, and gave him a full description of all inside Port Hudson, when I received my instructions from the officer sent to meet me. It appeared that I was sent over there to fire at a gristmill that they had in the fort, at which they ground their corn, about the only means of subsistence that they possessed. The Zouave was to go along with me to point out the location of this mill. After unloading, we traveled up the Levee Road to a point opposite to Port Hudson, arriving there just before daylight. As soon as it was light enough to see well, the Zouave took my field glass and located the mill. He described the position to me, and with my glass I located it. We used the levee as a breastwork, and by depressing our pieces and guessing the distance as well as we could, the two pieces were loaded, sighted, and fired, one shot from each piece. We received no response; everything seemed to be quiet, so quiet that I became suspicious that all was not right. I therefore took my field glass and scanned the works to our left and the rebel right. I saw distinctly that the bluecoats and the butternuts of the rebels were sitting calmly together on the works. I said to Gen. Banks's staff officer:

"Things do not look right to me, and I do not think it is wise to fire any more shots. It looks to me as tho the place had surrendered, or that negotiations were going on tending to such a result."

He took my glass, and after perceiving the condition as I had described it to him he said:

"Lieutenant, I think you are correct."

In the meantime, this foolish young officer, he didn't seem to be much more than a boy, I was only 24 years old then, rode his horse up on to the top of the levee and remained there sometime, and he was unquestionably the target at which the rebs let fly a 34-pound shot (not a two-pound shot, as the Indiana man so incorrectly states, and I shall show that he was in error later on in this narrative). The Zouave and I were squatting side by side on the top of the levee. The shot struck the levee just below where the Zouave was sitting. I glanced up, and it had struck the Zouave and cut him all to pieces. We gathered the remains as best we could and buried them. I then followed the direction of the ball, found it, and as in the meantime I had received instructions to return to my battery (as Port Hudson had surrendered), brot it along on one of my artillery carriages, kept it until, a few days later, we moved, down the river at New Orleans, and sent it by express—Adams Express, I believe—home, and had it weighed, tho as an artillery officer I knew without weighing it the size

of the shot. I knew it was a 34-pound shot. Therefore I know that the Indiana man was wrong in his statement that a two-pound ball struck and killed the Zouave. Poor fellow! to think that he had periled his life in escaping from Port Hudson, that he might impart information as to the conditions in that place, to be thus ignominiously murdered, for it was nothing, absolutely, but murder, for the place had surrendered at midnight, July 8, 1863. Yet at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 9th they fired this shot. They knew that I had no means of knowing of the surrender; they did not display any white flag, or other evidence of having surrendered. This frisky rebel artillery officer thot it was a good chance to kill a ——— Yankee, and it was the mounted officer that he shot at. I ascertained that when we went into Port Hudson on our return across the river. I hunted up the rebel officer who ordered the shot fired, made charges against him, and endeavored to have him punished, but nothing came of it. I think I have proved my case. The "last shot" fired at Port Hudson was fired by one of the six-pound rifled brass pieces belonging to the 2d Mass. Battery of Light Artillery. The "last shot" fired out of Port Hudson was fired at my section of that battery and was retained and sent home by me.

Capture of the Privateer Florida.

A Gallant Achievement by the Sloop Wachusett, Capt. Napoleon Collins and Engineer Melville.

By Wm. Simmons, Commanding Flying Squadron, Naval Veterans, Philadelphia, Pa.

The privateer Florida, originally named the Oreto, was built for the Confederates by William C. Miller & Sons, of Liverpool, Eng., under the supervision of Capt. Jas. D. Bulloch. She sailed from England about March 22, 1862, and reached Nassau, New Providence, on the 28th of the same month, in charge of Acting Master John Low, with orders to deliver her to an officer of the Confederate States Navy.

About the middle of May Capt. J. N. Maffitt assumed command of the Florida. This officer was formerly connected with the United States Navy, but resigned therefrom May 21, 1861. The Florida was armed with two seven-inch and two six-inch Blakely guns, which she received while at Nassau from the steamer Bahama, a famous blockade-runner of Liverpool.

The United States Consul at Nassau notified the authorities of the presence and character of the Florida, and protested against her departure, whereupon she was seized by order of the Governor of the Island. Her character was investigated by the Admiralty Court, who decided that she was properly documented as British property, and ordered her release on condition that she should leave the port. Capt. Maffitt sailed with only 18 of a crew, and put into Cardenas Cuba, on the 18th of August. While in this port yellow fever broke out among her crew and several of them died. The Captain could not prevail upon others to take their places, and sailed from Cardenas Aug. 31. On the following day he put into Havana, where he hoped to be more successful. But the stringency of the Spanish regulations was such that no recruiting for the Southern Confederacy would be allowed, a course evidently adopted in order to retain the friendship of the United States Government.

RUNS THE BLOCKADE.

Capt. Maffitt then determined to disguise his vessel as much as possible, hoist the British flag and run the blockade at Mobile, for the purpose of recruiting his crew and getting requisite supplies for his vessel.

The gunboats Oneida and Winona were on the Mobile blockade on Sept. 4, 1862, when the Florida hove in sight showing the English colors. Maffitt was evidently familiar

with the harbor, and successfully passed the blockaders, who opened fire on him, killing some of his crew and wounding several. Capt. Geo. H. Preble, of the Oneida, senior officer in charge of the blockade on this occasion, was discharged from the service by a General Order of the Navy Department.

The injustice of this summary dismissal was generally admitted by those familiar with the facts in the case, because Capt. Preble did all he could to capture or destroy the Florida. Thru the intervention of influential friends in Congress and in the Navy, he was, on recommendation of the President, restored to his former rank, Feb. 21, 1863.

Capt. Preble entered the Navy from the State of Maine, Oct. 10, 1835, and previous to the civil war served on the following vessels: Macedonia, United States, Levant, Erie, St. Lawrence, Narragansett, St. Louis, Petrel, and Saratoga.

During the civil war he served on the gunboats Katahdin, Oneida, State of Georgia, and sloop-of-war Pensacola. He retired from active service Feb. 25, 1878, with a record of over 30 years' sea service.

While at Mobile the Florida was supplied with a new crew and all the requisite supplies of a privateer, guns and ammunition. Capt. Maffitt was overwhelmed with congratulations on his successful escape from the blockading vessels, and he was officially thanked by the Confederate Navy Department for his daring skill and enterprise. On the night of Jan. 5, 1863, the Florida again ran the blockade, and went to sea, officered as follows, with a crew of about 200 men: Capt. John N. Maffitt; Lieuts. S. W. Averett, J. L. Hode, C. W. Read, and S. G. Stone; Midshipmen R. S. Floyd, G. D. Bryan, J. H. Dye, G. F. Sinclair, and W. B. Sinclair; Engineers A. M. Speidell, C. W. Quinn, T. A. Jackson, and E. H. Brown; Surg. Frederick Garrettson; Paymaster James Lynch.

Capt. Maffitt was formerly connected with the United States Navy, which he entered Feb. 25, 1832. He resigned therefrom May 2, 1861, and offered his services to the Confederates. His first appointment was in command of the ram Albemarle, in the sounds of North Carolina.

The Florida on leaving Mobile cruised on the coast of Cuba, where its privateering operations were conducted on quite an extensive scale, the first victim being a small brig, which was burnt. Capt. Maffitt secured a supply of coal at Havana and then proceeded to Nassau, where he arrived Jan. 25, 1863. While cruising in the West India Islands and among the Bahamas he destroyed a number of vessels, first taking from them such articles as he could find use for.

On Feb. 14 he coaled ship at Barbadoes and again put to sea in search of new victims. While near Green Bay Capt. Maffitt was chased for some miles by the United States gunboat Sonoma, but managed to escape. While off the Windward Islands he fell in with, captured, and burnt the clipper

ship Jacob Bell, bound from Foo Chow, China, to New York, loaded with tea and silk. The vessel and cargo was valued at $1,500,000, being the most valuable capture made by any vessel during the civil war. Capt. Maffitt, having no port to which his victims could be sent, made himself judge, jury, and executioner, and consigned them to the flames.

Capt. Maffitt put into Pernambuco, Brazil, May 8, 1863, and on leaving this port fell in with and captured the brig Clarence, which he manned, armed, and commissioned as a privateer, to co-operate with him in his work of destruction on the high seas.

Lieut. C. W. Read commanded the Clarence, and in one month he destroyed eight vessels. About July 1 he captured the bark Tacony, to which he transferred his crew and flag and destroyed the Clarence.

On July 16 the Florida put into St. Georges, Bermuda, and sailed again on July 25. Meantime several gunboats had been ordered in pursuit of the Florida, and Capt. Maffitt sought safety by crossing the Atlantic Ocean. He was next heard from at Brest, France, Aug. 23. While here Capt. Maffitt retired from command of the Florida. His successor was Capt. Joseph N. Barney. A few months after assuming command he took sick and was relieved by Capt. C. M. Morris. He sailed from Brest, Feb. 12, 1864, bound for the coast of the United States, where he captured the mail steamer Electric Spark, bound from New York to New Orleans. Her crew and passengers were transferred to an English vessel, after which the steamer was scuttled, and the Florida again crossed the Atlantic, destroying many vessels on its way over, and put into Teneriffe for coal.

On leaving there Capt. Morris decided to cruise for new victims on the coast of South America, but the destructive career of the Florida was about to terminate in rather an unexpected manner, and the same tactics displayed towards her helpless unarmed victims at sea was about to be tried on herself.

On Oct. 4, 1864, the Florida anchored at Bahia, Brazil, and Capt. Morris, presuming on his safety in foreign waters, went on shore with part of his crew to have a good time on ill-gotten gains, leaving the vessel in charge of Lieut. T. K. Porter. On the following day, Oct. 5, the American Consul at Bahia notified the authorities of the presence and character of the Florida, and strongly protested against any privileges being extended to that vessel, on account of its depredations on the commerce of the United States and other Nations.

Here is Consul Thomas Wilson's official notice to the Province of Bahia, Oct. 5, 1864:

"This morning a steamer anchored in this port bearing the flag adopted by those who are involved in the rebellion against the Government of the United States of America, and

I am informed that the said vessel is the Florida, which is engaged in capturing vessels navigating under the flag of the United States, and in destroying them by making bonfires of them and their cargoes at sea.

"The vessel in question is not commissioned by any recognized Government whatever, and her officers and crew are composed of person of various nationalities, who are not subject to any international or civilized law, and are consequently not entitled to the privileges and immunities conceded to vessels navigating under the flag of a civilized Nation.

"I therefore protest, in the name of the United States of America, against the admission of this vessel to free practice by which she might be enabled to supply herself with coal, provisions, tackle, or utensils of any kind whatever, or receive on board any persons whatever."

The United States Steamer Wachusett, Capt. Napoleon Collins, happened to be at Bahia when the Florida arrived there. Capt. Collins held a consultation with his officers, resulting in a determination to seize the Florida and take her to the United States. This plan was carried into execution about 3 a. m. Oct. 7, when the Wachusett ran alongside of the Florida and demanded her unconditional surrender.

A volley of pistol shots was the response. Capt. Collins then opened fire on the Florida, and soon brot its piratical crew to terms. Lieut. Porter went on board the Wachusett and surrendered the vessel, with 12 officers and 58 men. Nine men were killed on the Florida and three wounded on the Wachusett. A hawser was at once made fast to the Florida and she was towed to sea by Capt. Collins. A prize crew was put on board, and the prisoners transferred to the Wachusett.

A Brazilian warship in the harbor made a feeble attempt to intercept the vessels, but was not successful.

The Wachusett and its prize put into St. Thomas, West Indies, for coal, and from this port Capt. Collins telegraphed to the War Department his official report of the capture of the Florida, as follows:

"I have the honor to report the arrival here of this ship with the rebel steamer Florida in company. The Florida, with 58 men and 12 officers, was captured about 3 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 7, in the Bay of San Salvador, Brazil, by the officers and crew of this vessel, without loss of life. Five of her officers, including her commander, and the remainder of her crew were on shore. The Florida had her mizzenmast and mainyard carried away and her bulwarks cut down. This vessel sustained no injury. A detailed report will be handed to you by Paymaster W. W. Williams."

While at St. Thomas the yellow fever broke out among the prisoners, and 18 of them were permitted to escape on shore. They were principally Spaniards and Germans. About Nov. 8 the Wachusett and her prize sailed from St. Thomas, and

arrived at Hampton Roads, Va., Nov. 11. The Navy Department ordered that the prisoners be sent to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, where they arrived on Nov. 26. The Florida was ordered to anchor off Newport News; her guns and supplies were transferred to Norfolk Navy Yard.

Here is an extract from the official report of Capt. C. M. Morris, dated Bahia, Oct. 13, 1864:

"It is with great pain that I have to report the capture of the C. S. S. Florida, lately under my command. I arrived at this port on the 4th inst., at 9 p. m., to procure coal and provisions, and also to get some slight repairs after cruise of 61 days. Just after anchoring a boat passing around us asked the name of our vessel. Next morning I found that the U. S. S. Wachusett was anchored near us; so I at once concluded that the boat which hailed us the evening before was from the Wachusett.

"On the afternoon of the 6th I sent the starboard-watch on shore on liberty, going also myself, in company with several of the officers. About 3:30 a. m. on the morning of the 7th I was awakened by the proprietor of the hotel where I was stopping, who stated that there was some trouble on board the Florida, as he heard firing and cheering in the direction of the vessel.

"I immediately hastened to the landing and was informed by a Brazilian officer that the U. S. S. Wachusett had captured the Florida, and was then towing her out of the harbor. Of the actual occurrence and loss of life on the Florida I have been able to find out very little.

"At the time of her capture there were about 25 tnos of coal on board the Florida. The amount of funds and list of officers captured are contained in the report of Paymaster Taylor, herewith inclosed.

"All of my papers, the signal-book and ciphers were captured in the ship, but I hope they are destroyed, as the First Lieutenant, Surgeon, and my clerk knew where they were kept."

In the safe of the steamer Florida were $12,600 in American gold, over $1,300 in legal-tender notes, bills of exchange on England for £3'000, a lot of United States postage stamps, and about one month's supply of provisions.

Meantime the Brazilian authorities corresponded with the State Department, claiming that the seizure of the Florida in neutral waters was illegal, and demanded her return with a suitable apology. This correspondence was quite interesting, and covers several pages of the official records. A court of inquiry into the conduct of Capt. Collins was ordered by the Navy Department, and consisted of the following officers: L. M. Goldsborough, H. H. Bell, Melancton Smith, Percival Drayton, James Alden, Thornton A. Jenkins, and F. G. Corbin.

The court convened on board the steamer Maryland, at

Washington Navy-Yard, April 7, 1865, and recommended the dismissal of Capt. Collins for alleged violation of the territorial jurisdiction of a neutral government. This sentence was evidently determined upon to conciliate the Brazilian Government, but it did not meet the approval of the Navy Department, and Capt. Collins was restored to duty again.

The army transport steamer Alliance, while on its way to Norfolk, Va., Nov. 19, collided with the Florida at Newport News and caused the latter to leak badly. Acting Master Jonathan Baker, in charge of the Florida, set all the pumps at work and succeeded in keeping the vessel afloat until the night of Nov. 28, when he made signals of distress, answered by Commander T. J. Woodward, of the monitor Atlanta. He went on board the Florida with several men. Every effort was made to keep her afloat, but without success. On the following morning about 7 o'clock the Florida went down.

This settled the question of her return to the Brazilian authorities. No lives were lost by the sinking of the Florida, as the crew were safely transferred to the monitor Atlanta. The Navy Department ordered a court of inquiry to investigate and report on the loss of the Florida. The following officers constituted the court: Capts. James Alden, Charles Steadman, J. M. Alden, and H. K. Thatcher.

The court reported that the Florida had been leaking badly previous to her collision with the steamer Alliance, that the donkey-pumps failed to work, and that everything possible was done to keep her afloat. No evidence was presented to show that the accident was designed or intentional—simply accidental. By request of the State Department a board of Army officers was appointed to investigate the loss of the Florida, but there appears to be no record of their proceedings.

The only apology made to the Government of Brazil was the firing of a salute to the Brazilian flag in the harbor of Bahia on July 23, 1866, by Capt. Francis B. Blake, Commander of the U. S. S. Nipsic, after which friendly relations were resumed.

The prisoners captured on the Florida were released from Fort Warren on Jan. 17, 1865, on condition that they should leave the United States, for which purpose each man was supplied with the sum of $20. Capt. Collins was born in the State of Pennsylvania, and entered the Navy Jan. 2, 1834. Previous to the war he served on the following vessels: Decatur, Michigan, Susquehanna, John Adams, and Natchez. During the civil war he served on the Anacostia, Unadilla, Octoraro, and Wachusett.

Among the junior officers gathered around Capt. Collins was Melville. He was only 23 years of age, but since the beginning of the war he had served in the Engineer Corps of the Federal Navy. It was from him that the proposition came to ram the enemy. But there were some officers who

had misgivings as to the success of such an attack. The Wachusett was a comparatively small sloop, not much more than a thousand tons and carrying nine guns. The objection was strenuously urged that if Melville's plans were adopted the Wachusett might come off second best, that the force of the impact when she would run into the Florida would be so violent that the boilers of the Wachusett would either explode or at least would be so broken as to scald to death every man below with the escaping steam. But young Melville was not daunted by these remonstrances. He thought that they were inspired by over-caution, but even if they were not and even if the boilers might be shaken, he had one unanswerable reply in reserve. It was short and to the point. "I do not think," he said, "those boilers will break loose, but if they do there need be but one man sacrificed, for after the engines are started I can work them alone and will order all hands on deck." After that there was not further argument; the necessary orders were given by Capt. Collins to get ready for action, and Melville, in the meantime, had the Decatur-like nerve to put out in a boat from ashore in disguise as a landsman, to proceed to the Florida and to get on board of her long enough to ascertain the exact location of her machinery and the most vulnerable part to strike. Besides the Florida and the Brazilian corvette, which was anchored near at hand to preserve the peace, there was another Brazilian gunboat and the fire of the two Brazilian forts to be reckoned with.

Shortly after midnight the next morning all preparations were made. The Florida lay silent and unsuspecting. The Wachusett began to move toward her. The nerves of the men on board the Union sloop were strung to the highest tension. Every inch of Melville's hardy Scotch fiber was alive with the energy of his resolution as he took his perilous place below. On board the Confederate cruiser were the senior officers and 69 men. In a few minutes the Wachusett was bearing almost straight upon them. She failed, however, to strike square on, but the blow was enough to cut the Florida down 18 inches below the water-line. She had been struck on the starboard side abaft the beam; her mizzen yard, mainmast and some of the bulwarks were carried away, while her men were demoralized not only by the shock, but the wreckage which fell upon them. Some of them made an attempt to defend themselves, and fired their pistols, but Capt. Collins had his crew ready to board the Florida after broadside guns of the Wachusett had been discharged. In less than half an hour all was over, and by daylight the Union man-of-war was carrying its prize out to sea and beyond the reach of the Brazilian batteries on shore. Melville had kept his promise to stay below; a fireman, Charles Bradley Mulholland, insisted on remaining with him, and thus one of the most daring exploits of the Navy in the civil war was performed without the loss of a single life. The

country had hardly ceased to rejoice over Winslow's sinking of the Alabama in the English Channel when the news came that the Wachusett was triumphantly towing the dreaded Florida into Hampton Roads.

I am not certain whether Melville does not value that remembrance of his shipmates even more than the Doctor of Science which the University has made him or the Admiral's star the Government has given him.

The depredations of the Florida extended from March, 1863, to June, 1864, during which time 14 ships, 10 barks, seven brigs, four schooners and one steamer were destroyed; in all, 36 vessels, valued, with cargoes, over $5,000,000. In most cases these vessels represented all the earthly possessions of their owners and the result of years of hard labor. Their crews were, in most cases, landed penniless on come lonely island or transferred to passing neutral vessels for transportation to points perhaps thousands of miles from their homes and friends.

Surely a cause which resorted to such vicious measures against helpless non-combatants did not deserve to succeed. It is therefore to their credit that they are anxious that the past should be forgotten.

Officers of the Wachusett: Commander, Napoleon Collins; Lieutenant, L. A. Beardslee; Surgeon, William M. King; Purser, W. W. Williams; Master, J. H. Simpson; Ensigns, G. M. Shepherd, Nicol Ludlow, C. Barclay; Master's Mates, C. R. Haskins, Reuben Rich, J. Hetherington; Engineers, W. H. Rutherford, Geo. W. Melville, M. Knapp, E. Lincoln, H. D. McEwen, R. S. Stedman, J. Barton; Boatswain, John Burrows; Gunner, John Russell.

Andersonville and Its Prisoners.

Reception of the Sad Remnant at Jacksonville—Sights That Will Never be Forgotten—A Visit to Andersonville.

Fred W. Spink, Chicago, Ill.

William H. Empson, Lockport, N. Y.; I notice in the current issue of The National Tribune several communications having reference to the Wirz monument. Among the number is one from you. This appealed to me more particularly from the fact that you state, among other particulars, that as one of the Andersonville prisoners you were released at Jacksonville, Fla., April 30, 1865.

I was in the service at that time as an ordinary seaman in the U. S. gunboat Norwich, located at a point on the St. Johns River about five miles north of Jacksonville. I was at Jacksonville when you and the other released prisoners came into our lines, and if I should live for 1,000 years shall never forget the awful sight. You will remember that your advance was met by some colored pickets; that after explanations your party was escorted and assisted to the river bank, where a temporary camp was established; that about two days elapsed before all had been able to straggle in; that word was sent to Port Royal of your arrival and condition; that a fast steamer brot a new camp and hospital outfit, together with the necessary clothing to outfit you all; that you piled your old clothing on the bank, subsequently they were set afire; that you were bathed in the St. Johns and as you emerged you were assisted to clean clothing and went into the new camp. You will, no doubt, recollect that while there you had many "blue jackets" as visitors, who deeply sympathized with you and who, with all others, citizens, soldiers and sailors, could hardly believe the evidence of their senses as they looked upon the human wrecks that Andersonville and Wirz were responsible for. The iron was burned into me then with almost the same intenseness that it was into you, and I never have or can forget it. It was impossible to realize then, it is impossible to tell the story now, either by pen or brush. It was the climax of human suffering; it was then and is now the justification of the term given by Gen. Sherman to war, it is hell. The piles of clothing, or rags rather, that were burned up, caused the loss of considerable of prison history, as no thot at that time was given to the diaries, and other memoranda, that were secreted in and consigned to the flames with them. This was serious and lamentable.

Several photographs were taken of individuals and groups of prisoners just as they appeared at the time. My observation is that all of these, even those that subsequently appeared in Harper's and Frank Leslie's, have completely disappeared from the face of the earth. Even the photographer's art, more or less crude in those days, could not begin to do justice to the subject. They could reproduce the outline, but not the detail, of the sunken eye, the unshaven and unshorn face and head, the grime-tanned visage, the hands and feet calloused into horn from exposure, and the terrible emaciation of those starved men—starved of food, of water, of clothing, of shelter, of everything except the surrounding atmosphere, that nature requires for the sustenance of life. The photographs alluded to were reproductions in every instance of those with sufficient strength to be able to get around. There were no pictures taken of those in the hospital camp, rotten with the scurvy and gangrene, gaunt skeletons without flesh, only the tightly drawn skin on their bones, whose voices failed them in the attempted reply to the terribly interested inquirer, from lack of sufficient strength to answer to their names or reveal their identity, the jaws falling and the voice ceasing in their anxious attempt to do so.

HOW COULD THEY REACH OUR LINES.

How these men, in their terrible extremity, managed to reach our lines has always and still continues to be a mystery to me. Your party, as I understand at the time, numbering between three and four thousand, were loaded on cars at Andersonville and proceeded south thru Georgia into Florida to Baldwin. From that point to Jacksonville, a distance of 30 miles, the track was torn up. At Baldwin you were debarked under guard, the announcement was made of the direction and distance to the Yankee lines; that you were free to seek those lines, and the guard was withdrawn; that you were enabled to reach those lines without any transportation, without any commissary, following the dismantled track, thru the enemy's country, hatless, shoeless, clothesless, subsisting only on the free air of heaven, aiding and assisting that great majority who were only holding on to that strength that was inspired by hope, proved the stoutness of your Northern hearts and that truism that "the Lord moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

TWO INCIDENTS.

Two incidents or features connected with my recollection of those never-to-be-forgotten April days come to me as I write, and for that matter have never left me. One was that of an Illinois soldier, company and regiment forgotten, who lay on a cot in the hospital camp; either his right or left arm was

gone at the sholuder; he had been wounded in the face and gangrene had set in; the attendant or nurse removed the disinfectant-saturated cloth from the wound and exposed the side of his face. The whole cheek, including the ear, had been eaten away, and the blackness of the gangrene was intensified by the redness of the interior of his mouth on the opposite side and the white teeth. He must have died at the camp, under the Flag. I wonder if you can remember this case.

The other case was that of a boy about 18, I should judge. When I saw him he was sitting, it would be more proper to say he was propped up, on a barrel, with his back against the front of the little warehouse on the dock, waiting for the boat that was to take him North. He was fitted out with new clothes, cotton stockings and underwear, army shoes, light-blue pants, dark-blue blouse and a McClellan cap. He sat with his arms the lengthwise of his body, with his skeleton hands resting on his knees. The size of his cap intensified the pinched face and the smallness of his neck. His eyes were lusterless; the cheek and jawbones were covered with a yellow skin resembling parchment.

He had only strength enough of voice to tell me that he was an Ohio soldier. I left him sitting there, an almost imperceptibly breathing, living skeleton, dressed in army blue. I hope he reached home and mother in safety and that he is alive today and able to register his protest against a monument to Wirz or any other brute.

GENERALLY FORGOTTEN.

Forty-three years have come and gone since those April days, and the story of the rebellion and the terrible suffering incidental thereto, I find, is quite generally forgotten, or, if remembered, it is only by the very few. All the survivors returned home and were assimilated; they told their stories to more or less interested listeners. In the progress of time their tales become "ancient history" and were merely tolerated, which is, no doubt, the natural means by which time dims the recollection of all things. It required just such an absurd proposition, and supposed utterly impossible situation, as a monument to this infamous scoundrel, to awaken the long dormant remembrance and recall the agony that had been endured; that time on its passage had softened, leaving only to the memory the experience of a once hideous dream, so horrible as to be impossible of realization under any circumstances whatever.

Like the Ohio soldier already mentioned I was a boy at the time and the impression made on me was a lasting one, a fact that I have already stated. Giving due consideration to the woeful sights I had seen I formed one opinion, one theory, and one resolve. The opinion I formed was that only a very small proportion of the people of the loyal States, and an

equally small proportion of the Union armies had any conception or knowledge of the suffering imposed upon Union prisoners of war, or any idea of the results of the rebel methods, or of this phase of the war, and my opinion in this direction has never undergone a change. I instance it in my own case. Had I not been on the scene and seen for myself I never could have believed or realized.

My theory was, to express it in as few words as possible, that as Andersonville, Sumter County, Ga., was located well south, nature had by forest, field and stream provided liberally, that it was a well defined case of "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile." I have been there myself since and proved that my theory was a correct one.

A VISIT TO ANDERSONVILLE.

My resolve that if my life was spared and I ever had the means I would make a pilgrimage in that direction. I did so about 15 years ago, entirely unaccompanied, spending the greater part of two days about the immediate vicinity, the greater portion of the time within the limits of the stockade, and also, of course, visiting the National Cemetery, immediately adjoining. I had the lay of the land pretty well defined in my head, and only waiting at the depot long enough to see the train that brot me there take its departure, without speaking to a soul of the very few who were in evidence, I started in the direction of where the stockade had been. I reached it at about the point where the cook house had been located, marked at that time by the ruins of the old brick chimney. I passed into it about where the main gates were located. The lines of where the stockade fence had been were well defined by a growth of brush or weeds, north and south, east and west, just the same as any field boundary is defined where an old fence has been removed. I wandered over the north and south hills or inclines, I crossed the creek on a little foot bridge, I saw and drank from the Providence Spring, I saw the reminders by way of holes that had been dug and caved in that had been the only protection from the elements, and only then of the favored few. I noted the little earthworks at each corner of the stockade, well preserved even at that date, and I sat and wandered in turn, and allowed my thots to revert to the past, always coming to the same conclusion, that nowhere else on earth had such suffering been experienced and endured, and all in Andersonville, Sumter County, and the State of Georgia. They should wipe the name off the map of the United States, and partition out the territory among the other States.

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY.

I crossed over to the National Cemetery, a most beautiful spot, where over 14,000 of the boys in blue sleep their last sleep, over 4,000 of whom are designated as "Unknown," their

names and identity only preserved in the Lamb's Book of Life. They rest in long trenches just as they were buried, at each head a Government headstone; in one massed row of trenches the eye can comprehend 6,000 of these marked graves. On an iron tablet I read this epitaph, so fitting and so appropriate:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the Dead."

And on another:

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the lives ye gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave."

GRAVES OF THE RAIDERS.

And now a strange coincidence showing the wonders, at least one of them, that time works. The six raiders that were hanged, four of the Army and two of the Navy, were buried, after their execution, alongside of one another, in six separate and distinct graves, with the usual space between each. They were considered dishonored and their graves were as a consequence apart from those honored ones that succumbed to privation, it would be more proper to say starvation. Today these graves are most conspicuous from the foregoing facts. In plotting the Cemetery site it gave them place fronting the main entrance. These graves are also marked each by a Government headstone, giving their names, company and regiment; in the case of the navy men, the letters U. S. N. are substituted for the company and regiment. This is all the tale the six headstones tell, but in the Record Book of the Cemetery, to be seen in the office of the Superintendent at the Gate, after the names of these six is written the one word "hanged."

At the Andersonville depot I met the station agent, and had more or less conversation with him. My recollection is that his name was Suber. I believe he was raised in that section, and had sufficient education for the duties of the position which he held and had held previous to, during the life of the stockade and subsequent to the time when I met him. He was a small man in stature, chunky, wore a very large soft hat and spoke with the true Georgia accent. He was quite diplomatic as well as voluble. He knew where I came from and my mission, for I had taken no pains to conceal either. He told me he had been in that position during the whole of the war; that there had been terrible times in and about the prison. One feature in connection with his description I was able to realize. He said the stench in connection with it was something awful; that when the winds blew the effluvia from it it was distributed thruout the surrounding country; that when curiosity seekers came to see the captive Yanks the stench

from the pen was more than some of them cared to encounter, and they left the scene in disgust and without accomplishing their object; that on several occasions food and clothing had been sent by the people of Americus in an effort to ameliorate so far as was in their power the existing conditions, but the powers that prevailed turned them back; that he and others in that neighborhood had known of the Providence Spring for years; that it was a living spring that to his certain knowledge had been located at several different points, these changing at intervals after severe rain falls; that the last change was the result of the same conditions when providentially, he did not use that expression, it broke out within the pen. I found him a very decent old man. The happenings that I was interested in, it was very evident did not appeal to him in the same degree as they did to me. Apparently he had accepted them all as a matter of course. If his nature was at all sympathetic he did not betray it. I thot him rather stolid about the whole affair. I read his death notice a few years ago in some paper, possibly The National Tribune.

I stopped in the little hamlet of Andersonville over night, at the one hotel. I met a young doctor there, a native of the place; he was quite polite and we talked some of the prison, and the prisoners; all he knew was what he had heard from old residents and not much at that. He gave me a relic or two, one was an old copper cent, another was the bed plate of a watch. He said he had picked up both within the limits of the stockade. I bought, while there, from an old man who said he had been a guard at the prison, two canes made from portions of the old stockade, brought them with me to Chicago and gave them to two old soldiers—former Andersonville prisoners. This old native was a carpenter, who had a little shop, and these canes were in the line of his business. He was not inclined to talk. I had almost forgotten to say that when crossing over to the Cemetery from the pen I reached a house—this was in July; alongside of the house was a pile of watermelons, and a native was sitting in the doorway eating a portion of one. He invited me to sit down and help myself, which I did. I found the country around and about Andersonville naturally very beautiful and capable of raising anything in the vegetable kingdom. So far as I personally was concerned I rather thot I had proved the truth of my theory "that every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

So much for Andersonville and the impression it left with me quickened into life again when I read your letter containing the reference to Jacksonville, Fla. This must be my excuse for writing you this somewhat lengthy letter. It occurs to me that under the circumstances you will not consider it as coming from a perfect stranger, for we met in the dim and distant past, minus, of course, a formal introduction. I trust time has dealt gently with you and I hope you will honor me with an acknowledgment of this epistle.

A Vivid Battle-Picture.

Thrilling Sights and Scenes at the Battle of Opequan.

Geo. H. Taylor, 6th Md., Wilmington, N. C.

Editor National Tribune: The National Tribune, under date of April 9, 1908, unfolded for me some precious rolls of memory films of the "days that are no more," also very realistic, as they flashed on my mental canvas in all vividness the perfect pictures of the blazed battle-fronts staged in the horror of horrors.

Even the date, too, I ween, lent it one picture of the end to all veterans who chanced to scan its pages. Under the display lines, "History of a Flag for One Day," as touched by the graphic details concerning the death of Lieut. Burns, by Lieut. Thos. Duff, 6th Md., Sept. 19, 1864; therefrom the flash of recognition took form of gruesomeness on the firing-line, that for 44 years has held distant haunt only to be garbed in familiar guise and kindlier touch of a comrade's fateful history.

Hardly had the field of action's smoke cleared for the thundering rout out Strasburg way, ere I made a hasty circuit of the grounds over which my command had advanced, when I came upon an officer's body, stretched prone on his back, his face flattened on the turf and a fringe of hair about the wide circle branching from the neck.

The hideousness of human features in such a plight has lent its spell thruout the years, and precluded any recognition of Lieut. Burns at the time. Not till I read "History of a Flag for One Day" was I aware of the name of the officer.

The battle of the Opequan, Sept. 19, 1864, was imminent the moment our command reached the toll-gate on the Berryville pike and swung down the slope to Opequan Creek crossing, where the boys began the bursting of caps to clear their rifles for action.

There seemingly arose to me a telepathic wave from off those bursting flashes of fulminates that found me later hand-in-hand with Comrade Krauss and Veach, awaiting their hearts' telephones to mothers, only to be shunted in death.

There the pulsing stream, and deep gorge that ends at the open, whereon the tortuous pike leads to the spired hamlet with Quaker garb.

The farmer's cottage on the right, beyond the gorge, with outbuildings, hay rick, and orchard, lined with our first formation to do battle with the host in front, and stationed in the hook of woodland. On our right a clearing had been made,

whereon from roots and stumps dense undergrowth has formed to hide Rodes's flankers in taking advantage of Emory's non-alignment with the right of the Sixth Corps' advance movement.

Reclining on many stumps I noted dead sharpshooters in the act of firing. In that hook of woodland a group of Confederate dead appeared in a circle. The middle man, being perfectly nude, had a Bible on his chest; a most perfect specimen of physical manhood.

Little Joe Adams's cavalry boots had one heel punctured, and the pride of Co. H bemoaned his fate at Winchester.

Truly doth it warm the cockles of one's old heart to read in print those names as once graced the roster of a little command ever equal to the best battling for flag and country; that took pot-luck and reconstruction kindly with other border State volunteers, only to lose their identity and fade to a distant few, while their blood-stained flags remain safely sealed to inspire valor in those coming after.

The Prison Pen at Salisbury

Gen. J. D. Cox's Testimony in Regard to It.

Editor National Tribune: I have followed closely thru the columns of your noble and patriotic paper, the controversy over the erection of a monument to the memory of the inhuman Wirz by a few misguided women of the South. While looking over the volumes in the Public Library of my city, Los Angeles, Cal., I came across two volumes written by a very able writer, Jacob Datson Cox, A. M. LL. D., formerly Major-General, commanding the Twenty-third Army Corps. His two volumes, entitled "Military Reminiscences of the Civil War," are very impartial to both Confederate and Union. In his second volume he devotes three pages to the Union prisoners of war as he viewed them at Salisbury, just at the close of the rebellion, as they were being releasd from prison. I was captured by the Confederates inside the rebel lines at Petersburg, at 2 p. m., July 30, 1864, at the mine battle. Right here I wish to go on record in asserting that I suffered terribly from hunger and cold for eight months at Belle Isle and Libby Prison. I was robbed of clothing that I should have had to cover my almost-naked form. History's impartial records covering the ill-treatment of Union prisoners will never be reversed. When I read Gen. Cox's statement of what he beheld at Salisbury it made my blood fairly boil with indignation to think that a few over-zealous women of the South would have the nerve to insult the whole North by erecting a monument to commemorate the name of the most infamous thing in human form—Wirz.

I copy Gen. Cox's statement and send it, hoping you will find space for it in The National Tribune, and I pray it may be read by all concerned in the Wirz monument business.

Gen. Cox says:

"A visit of inspection which I made to Salisbury gave me the opportunity of examining the site of the recent prison camp there. The treatment of our prisoners by the Confederate authorities is a repellant subject, and I would gladly pass it by and say nothing discordant with the tone of high honor and respectful good will which marked the conduct of the leading officers of the Confederate forces in the field. We may fairly admit that the resources of the Confederacy had been so taxed that food and clothing were quite difficult to procure. There is, however, a limit beyond which a Government, calling itself civilized, may not go, and as the public opinion of the civilized world crystalized into what we call international law,

will not permit the wholesale decapitation of prisoners, as might be done by a king of Ashantee or Dahomey, so it forbids the herding of captive men in a mere corral, leaving them utterly without shelter of any sort, thru the sleet and rain of Winter, near the cold North Carolina mountains. It forbids starving them to death, or leaving them to rot with scurvy, because they are not supplied with wholesome food and medicine. It is the plain duty of a civilized Government to parole and send home military prisoners who cannot be fed or sheltered. I speak with a solemn sense of obligation to avoid every railing accusation, when I say that it would have been humane and civilized in the comparison, if the prisoners at Andersonville and Salisbury had been shot down by fusillade or quickly poisoned by wholesale (as Napoleon was accused of doing at Jaffa) instead of subjecting them to death by starvation and exposure, which swept them away at a rate no plague ever rivalled or approached. I have seen too much of the Southern people, in arms in the field and in their homes, to believe that they would approve the treatment our prisoners received. But their own reputation before the world makes it their duty to fix the responsibility for a great crime upon those commands or whose criminal negligence caused horrors which are among the most odious things in the world's history. I had seen at Wilmington and Goldsborough the condition of train-loads of these released prisoners. Their situation has been surgically and medically recorded in the Surgeon-General's official reports. There is no room for dispute. They were men reduced to idiocy and to the verge of the grave by the direct effects of hunger and exposure and the diseases necessarily connected with such suffering. These men were not of the dregs of humanity, who might be said to fall into animality when the restraints of society and of discipline were removed. They were, many of them, men who had respected positions and refined surroundings at home. These were the victims I beheld, who looked vacantly with glazed eyes and could mumble no intelligent response when asked their names, where was their home, what was the name of the mother that bore them. At Salisbury were still to be seen the holes the poor prisoners had dug to make a little cave in the earth, on a bluff or slope, that would drain itself from the Winter weather. I talked to women of Salisbury, who, with tears upon their faces, told of the efforts some of them had made to have the worst of the treatment corrected, or to procure some mitigation of the want and hardship. The evidence seemed conclusive that any marks of common sympathy or Christian pity were repelled by the officials in charge of the prisoners, and treated as indications of disloyalty to the Confederate Government. The Confederacy were full of places where the almost limitless forest afforded timber without end, and the labor of the prisoners themselves under the same guards that

garrisoned the prisoners would have comfortably housed and warmed them, and then the scant and wretched rations would not so soon have been the cause of emaciation and disease. These prisoners herded inside a ring fence in Winter weather, were even stinted in fire-wood to cook by, when there were forests of it near at hand."—Clarence Wilson, 2d Pa. H. A., Los Angeles, Cal.

Recollections of the Battle of Stone's River.

Serg't Emerson R. Calkins, who enlisted Feb. 18, 1862, in the 8th Wis. L. A., writes as follows of his personal experience in the battle of Stone River:

On this 31st of December, 1907, my thots wander backward to the days that tried men's souls and nerves also. It was 45 years ago that I was with my battery in the fierce conflict on the right of our line at Stone's River, where we met our "Waterloo" and were hurled back by Bragg's brave boys, for we must acknowledge that no braver men ever carried muskets in any war than those of the South. The anniversary of that engagement never passes but I can see shot and shell tearing thru the trees over our heads and the long lines of rebel gray coming across that bloody field in serried ranks, only to be hurled back, shattered and bleeding, but only to try again, until finally, after the ground was covered with their dead, we, too, weer obliged to seek safety by falling back. Our brave Capt. Carpenter was killed, and many of our boys wounded and maimed for life. As tho it were but yesterday I see again those long lines filing out of the woods and with the well known "rebel yell" advancing toward us. At every discharge of our guns great gaps were opened up in their ranks, when it seemed as if not a man was left, yet, closing up, on they came and with them fresh troops; again were they hurled back; and still the advance, while we worked our guns with new energy, until they sizzled like red-hot rain as we forced the sponges into the muzzles. It was of no use, our position became untenable and an order was given to limber to the rear. Scarcely was the trail thrown over the hook on the limber until Tom Gaunt, the wheel driver, was shot, and the horses swung round against a tree with the rebs not 20 feet from us. However, in a minute, or less, we released the gun, while the rebels yelled "Surrender!'

We had not such thot, and George Marsh mounting the wheel team we hustled to the rear only to meet new difficulties by running smack into a rebel battery. The rebels had circled around our right and gained our rear. This battery opened on us with canister. One man and four horses were shot down before we got out of that trap. And now we beheld to our right a grand and awful sight, a rebel brigade was charging up toward the Harding house, where our division headquarters were. A rebel battery came tearing up on the dead run, when, unlimbering, shot and shell flew fast for a while. We, unable to stem the tide, limbered to the rear, crossed the Nashville turnpike and took position in the

"Cedars." The enemy did not follow, and we had a breathing spell. That night and the next day we received a fresh supply of ammunition, for we had nearly used up all we had in the chests. Things looked dark, but on Jan. 1, 1863, we, and all, were ready again to try conclusions with the enemy, this time on the left, and with what results history tells. Victory perched on our glorious banners. Another day and we behold the Confederate hosts in full retreat, save a small rear guard. Murfreesboro was ours, while the woods and dells echoed and re-echoed with shouts of joy. Then, too, we remembered no more our past privations, the four days of snow or rain, our rain-soaked and mud-stained clothes. But, alas! many had fallen, and our lamented Carpenter among them.

The Bugler's Dilemma.

How Once the Rogue's March Was Made to Answer for Church Call.

By Louis Remiatte.

About the 12th of March, 1862, the 2d Kan. Cav. pitched camp at a short distance south of the little straggling village of Shawneetown, Johnson County, Kan. This camp was styled Camp Blair, so christened after a fashion then widely obtaining and which, be it said, savored more of sycophancy than of good taste. In the regiment, barely completed, and temporarily at that, and for a purpose, events and incidents were succeeding one another rapidly, in a more or less satisfactory way. In some of those incidents it turned out that I became personally involved. I played a role—not an important one to be sure: I was only Sergeant-Major. Yet, occasionally, such as the role assigned was, it was not devoid absolutely of interest and even of piquancy. One of those incidents is possibly worth narrating and here it is:

The 22d day of March, 1862, was Saturday. The Colonel of the regiment, Robert B. (alias Bob) Mitchell, was away from camp, along with Adj't John Pratt. They were out on a reconnoisance. At the same time the absence of these two officers of the Field and Staff was partly being made up, quite unexpectedly, by the arrival in camp of another staff officer, no less a person than the Chaplain. As a matter of fact, the regiment had enjoyed the privilege or eminent good fortune to be credited with a Chaplain for more than three months. Only a few knew it and very few at that. The muster and pay rolls told the tale nevertheless. But these were not accessible to the multitude and, what was more, better or worse, the Chaplain had kept profoundly shy of either camp or barracks. His coming now was to be his introduction to his duties. Heretofore the vast majority who had not had the benefit of the prayers and exhortations of a clergyman since they had enlisted months before, did not know but that they would have to do without them during their whole time of service, and let every man of them be his own instructor and guide in matters earthly and divine.

The arrival of the man of God, betrayed by his uniform, was soon known all over the camp and produced quite a stir. When it comes to arousing interest or drawing a crowd, a preacher or a mountebank is only second to a circus. How this Chaplain of ours managed to come to camp is of little consequence. Quite likely it was at a minister's pace, the same at which butter and eggs go to market. The reverend Charles

Reynolds—that was his name—was a minister of the Episcopalian Church. He did not fail to report and announce himself at the Adjutant's office. He had probably been coached or informed on that score by some of his friends in camp, not unlikely by the Lieutenant-Colonel, O. A. Bassett, who was in camp. Both were citizens of Lawrence and friends. In the absence of the Adjutant it was my business to officiate. The Parson was extended a respectful reception, as to his station belonged, to say nothing of the cloth. Short, thick set, of fair complexion, otherwise with features not unkindly, he appeared to be a peaceful, harmless sort of a man, simple and guileless; an abridged edition of the Vicar of Wakefield; attached to his pastoral calling and * * * at sea in regard to almost anything else.

DIVINE SERVICES ORDERED.

In introducing himself he exhibited timidity; he felt embarrassed. It did not last long. Directly he recovered and collected himself; his equipoise returned to him; and that once regained he proceeded to announce his intention to perform, or hold, as he called it, divine service in camp on the next day—Sunday. Once started, he went on to specify that he would like to have the exercises commence about 10:30 o'clock a. m. and that I should have church call sounded at 10 o'clock a. m. "I do not know so much about that, Parson," I observed; "I don't believe that, in the list of calls, there is such a thing as a church call." He contended that there was. I told him about Scott's Tactics, Cooke's Tactics and the Army Regulations, none of which made mention of, or contained any such call. He knew better and, in true ecclesiastic fashion, he stuck to it. Theologians or theologasters—it is all about the same—will never give up and acknowledge themselves beaten. Allions tout plutot: c'est l'esprit de l'Eglise" wrote Boileau, rather sink all: 'tis the Church's spirit. It is always the same unchangeable spirit of despotism and obstinacy; of having their own way.

It was our Chaplain's. Vainly I cited to him all the authorities. Not knowing of any more of these, or of saint, or of demons to refer to, I was in a quardary. Just then the chief bugler, Pete Hammond, a German, happened to come in. Pete had served two enlistments in the Regular Army as bugler. If any one could solve the difficulty he could; least ways I thot so. I stated the case to him in presence of the Parson. Old Pete protested that there was no such call and that had there been or was there any he would certainly have heard it and learned to blow it. Instead of that he had neither heard it sounded, or sounded it himself ever, and he knew positively that there was no such call. This, however, did not convince the Chaplain, nor did it shake his resolution to have church

call sounded in camp on the morrow. To argue further and to wrangle further about it was simply wasted, and, to wind it all up, I engaged to have the call sounded on time.

A PUZZLED BUGLER.

I was congratulating myself about having the controversy settled or nearly so. Unfortunately, after a short while, it appeared suddenly that it was so with the Parson only. I had reckoned without the bugler. I had occasion to realize this superlatively all the remainder of that Saturday and the morning of Sunday. Every little while, the bugler would be coming in to ask me about that church call; how he was to blow it * * * and he not knowing a thing about it. That was his puzzle. "Why, Pete, blow anything; nobody will know the difference." "Yes! but then what other call is it best for me to blow?" "I am not particular, Pete; anything will do me. Assembly, stable call, water call—it is all one to me. Maybe dinner call would be the best, Pete; but blow something, anything." Then the Dutchman would go out and mutter to himself, sacramenting the while, and all to end with the exclamation addressed to himself, "Vat shall I zound?"

After an interval of hard thinking and soliloquy he would come in again to go thru the same antics, and always ask me the all-important question "Vat shall I zound?" The old fellow was getting excited, unhinged, almost frantic; he spent a restless night by it. The next morning—Sunday—he acted like a frightened parrot or a distracted monkey, more than like a man in possession of his mental faculties. Even breakfast failed to produce improvement in his disturbed mind.

On that Sunday morning, March 23, 1862, the Chaplain was very careful not to neglect coming to the tent—and more than once at that—to remind me of the religious performance at hand; and of the signal to be given by sound of the bugle to proclaim it to the whole camp and the dwellers therein. The bugler meantime was eyeing him wistfully and directly could not stand the tension brot to bear on his nervous system. He went outside and, from there, would listen intently to what was being said inside. These repeated calls of the Parson at the Adjutant's office were gradually making the bugler worse, ready to go into hysteria; he was cutting very much such a figure as a rooster after stepping on hot ashes or live coals. But divine or church service we must have, whether or not; and the call for it must be church call. There was to be no discount on that either. The first one could not come off blessedly unless the last was carried out punctually. This last was the priming and must be attended to minutely. Not a tittle must be omitted or the performance would be a failure as a spectacle and in due sequence as much else besides. The spiritual effluvium not only would not pour down, but it would not even drizzle or ooze by slow drops; and souls that might

have been redeemed and saved would be lost and damned for ever, or remain in jeopardy, all because church call might accidentally not be sounded properly, at the hour and minute stated, and determined on by the clergyman. Times and motions in this sort of exercises need to be observed as much so as in the manual of arms. Ministers of the Gospel naturally claim to know all about these practices, and to them naturally also falls exclusively the onerous duty of being the Drill Sergeants, since no one else can ever grasp and comprehend secrets reserved to an esoteric science only known to the initiated.

NO SUBSTITUTE WOULD DO.

On another hand, however, Old Pete, who knew all about every other camp call but happened to know nothing about church call, was equally satisfied that no other call, no substitute would answer in this case, none whatever but the very one that he knew nothing about; and that, with any other call but that one being tooted, the whole business would be a rank failure and a fiasco brot on by his ignorance of the true call: a disgrace to himself; a great mortification. As the hour set for church call to be sounded was approaching the situation was getting more acute. Meantime, for fear of any mistake being made, a notice had been penned by me on a slip of paper and the paper handed to the Orderly in attendance, with order to hand it in turn to every company commander to read. This circular informed them that the next call to be sounded would be church call, so that whatever notes were sounded then, none of the officers in command of companies should plead ignorance about it. To all intents and purposes it was to be church call.

THE CHAPLAIN DETERMINED.

The Parson, as irrepressible as ever, came again, nevertheless, to the Adjutant's office. It was to remind the Sergeant-Major once more about the importance of the call. His anxiety was such as to urge him even then to ask if it was not time to have it blown. Perhaps even then was he suspectful of an impending catastrophe, and in fear of dire disappointment of his high expectations. Blandly he addressed me, sucking in his breath—a smooth, clerical mimic affectation of sanctimoniousness, a make-believe for unction common to the ministers of all Christian sects and denominations, and asked me if it was not time yet. "No, Parson; things in this camp are run by my watch; it lacks three minutes yet. But never fear. In three minutes the call will be sounded, you may depend on that."

On that assurance the Parson went out with a semi-satisfied air. The bugler, who was present, was not so well satisfied, tho he was literally sweating. Mournfully he asked again,

"Vat shall I zound?" "I don't know, Pete; it is up to you; you ought to know yourself." And directly after, "Pete, now is time to blow." "Vat shall I zound?" Wild despair almost could be read on his face. Nevertheless he started to go out. He was half out of the tent, when I called to him:

"Pete, do you know anything about the Rogues' March; did you ever hear it?"

"Yes, a liddle."

Do you think you can blow something like it with your bugle?"

"I dinks so, maybe; I can try."

"Try it, Pete; that is the very thing."

And he did try it and succeeded near enough for all practical purposes. It was a new call, not heard in camp before; and it was church call at that; for that one day only, tho. It never was repeated, for cause. The meeting came off, too; fully as well, if not better, than it would have come off if called by any other call known. If dog fennel would be called mignonette it would stink like dog fennel still, and vice versa. Name the rose skunk and it will smell just as sweet under one name as under the other.

COULD NOT BE KEPT QUIET.

Such incidents are not usually or long kept from notice by some party or other. They are even such as to acquire a degree of publicity and once let out it did not take long for the particulars to find their way thru camp, and how the services were inaugurated with the air of the Rogues' march for a call to church. The bugler was not to tell and I was not. But the unusual notes of the call had been heard and noticed by at least one person in camp. In a camp of soldiers, and specially raw and green ones, any deviation from the usual routine is an event, attracts attention, draws remarks, even reflections. The novel call had stuck the tympanum of someone as being different from the calls sounded in camp up to date. Had the Lieutenant-Colonel been notified, like the company commanders had been, about the intent and purpose of the call before it was sounded, he would not probably have noticed it so much, or at all. As it was, and when the religious service was barely under way, Col. Bassett sauntered over from his to the Adjutant's tent. He might have had some business to speak about or treat of, but it was only a pretext and a preface. He made it short and directly began to ply me with questions after questions. In jurisprudence these would be called leading. It was all about the bugle call but lately sounded. Without a change of color, coolly, calmly, with all the solemnity suited to the occasion and with all due candor on my part, he was informed that what he had heard was church call.

"Was that really church call?"

"Yes, sir."

He was not really satisfied, however. He did not know or pretended not to know. He thot that he had heard the air before. To this answer was given that possibly he had. He wondered where it could have been. I could not tell that either. He became more pointed. He wanted to know if it was really church call. I told him that it was, and that no clearer evidence could be asked than the number of men who had turned out to attend. They were all in sight there around the flag-pole. That was not probative * * * not to him, he was not convinced.

Finally, after repeating that he had surely heard the air somewhere or something like it, he desired me to tell him what it was any way. I told him, and he went almost into a fit, for laughing. Passing over some minor details of the subsequent conversation, he invited me to go with him to his tent. I went. He had a box of cigars and he invited me to help myself, and I did so. He had succeeded himself in moderating his laugh, but he was laughing yet, only not so violently. That was too good a piece of news to keep to himself, however. All or most of the officers knew all about it before retreat. It was used as a joke on the Parson. It was certainly one on him and, more than once, was he teased about the church call as wanted to be sounded by him at that camp of the regiment. He took it all good naturedly. He was no bigot after all.

Burning of the Gen. Lyon.

Terrible Catastrophe, in Which 480 Lives Were Lost.

J. A. Moore, Bellerive, Ill.

Editor National Tribune: "Only two of us are now living who made our escape from the fiery flames of the Gen. Lyon, when 480 souls were hushed by the hand of death on March 31, 1865, and both of us reside in Illinois," said Michael S. Brockett, a farmer of Enfield, Ill., as he retold the harrowing incidents of the disaster that came as a capsheaf of cruelty to the last days of the civil war, and was only surpassed in horror by the burning of the Sultana on the Mississippi River, in which 700 sick and wounded soldiers perished. The memory of that fatal Friday morning he said he would never forget. Yet it seems to him fresh and as vivid as tho it happened but yesterday. "It seems that I can see the blaze as it carried destruction in its path, hear the agonizing shrieks of the doomed, and see hope vanish with the network of flame driving death in a hideous form to hundreds on board the ill-starred ship.

"It was about 10 o'clock Friday morning, March 31, that the fire broke out. A barrel of kerosene oil in the porter's room was broken by the rough sea, and the contents soaked down to the two lower decks, saturating them. The sea was rough, and when the stream of oil struck the furnace the flames quickly spread over the entire vessel, and within half an hour the whole ship was a burning mass. Women and children (there were nearly 120 of them on board), ran shrieking about, imploring to be saved. On one side the fire was roasting them to death, and on the other the sea was opening and surging. Scores sprung from the burning vessel only to be swallowed by the maddened waves which whipped the ship about like a toy and added to the horror of the morning. We had left Wilmington, N. C., only a few hours before, and many of the women and children and not a few of the men were violently sea sick at the time of the fire. In the 56th Ill., which had been picked up at Wilmington to be taken North and disbanded, were many sick soldiers.

"When the fire broke out I was sleeping by the side of my brother. We were only 25 feet from the hatch. The flames spread so quickly that no alarm was given and I was badly burned before I was awakened. One boat was immediately launched by the Captain of the Gen. Lyon, but was instantly stove, the Captain meeting his death then. I grabbed a boat and pitched it into the sea and leaped in after it and several fellow soldiers followed suit. Three besides myself made fast

on the boat. We drifted helplessly about at the mercy of the waves, expecting every minute to be our last.

"From the time the Gen. Lyon started on her voyage the weather was rough and a great number of passengers were on the lower decks of the ship to be as far from the roaring of the sea as they could. The bulk of the sick were unable to reach deck and were suffocated and roasted, with all avenues of escape cut off. Alarm usurped the place of coolness and discipline among the men on the upper decks, and the struggle which ensued was a mad endeavor for self-preservation. In an instant two of the Mates ran to the hose and attempted to throw streams of water on the spreading flames, but their efforts were futile. The Captain seeing the turn of affairs at this juncture shouted, "The ship is gone; lower the boats." A wild disorderly rush to the few boats followed, the Captain of the Gen. Lyon being one of the most eager to escape with life. With him was Capt. Weber, of the 56th Ill., and both were killed when the boat in which they sought escape was sucked under the ship and crushed by the machinery.

Pandemonium broke loose on the ship as the flames gradually neared and crowded the people closer and closer to the edge of the vessel, there to be confrontd by a sea the tumult of which sang the song of death. Maj. Fyles, in command of the 56th Ill., made a heroic but fruitless attempt to quell the turmoil, but lost his life in attempting to help the women and children escape from the blistering flame. Within half an hour the vessel was wrapped in flames and those on deck had in most instances disappeared in the engulfing waves, very few escaping in the limited number of boats. Many who had safely gotten into the boats were later drowned by the high waves, or pulled down to their death by scores of hands that held on to the small crafts with the crazed determination of a drowning person. The waves were running mountain high and many of the bodies were washed ashore.

"As the boat in which we had escaped with a party of four washed farther and farther away, four more unfortunates were rescued and taken aboard. They were weak from their battle with the waves, and nearly dead when taken in. For more than nine hours we were in the boat, and before our rescue the four men last taken in died. Only at intervals when the waves receded could we see the burning ship as she drifted helplessly about. The steam had not been turned off, and thus impelled by wind, water and steam, the doomed vessel, one broad sheet of flame, rushed to two-fold destruction. The screams and imploring cries for help shouted out in vain came more and more faintly over the water and were finally stilled as the last one met death by fire or sank under the waves. George W. Williams, a member of the 46th Ill., and also on the boat on which I had escaped, at the risk of his own life attempted to rescue a woman who had drifted near our boat.

The poor woman died just as he reached her. There were 26 men of the 10th Mo. who went down in a boat and not one escaped death; the boat had been overloaded. After having spent nine hours on the sea, we were sighted by the steamer Gen. Sedgwick. A rope was thrown to our boat and I fastened it to my body; the other men were tossed ropes and the work of rescue was begun. The rough condition of the sea and the suction of the vessel carried me under and to the other side of the boat. In drawing me back, the crew used so much force that seven of my ribs were broken and I was otherwise injured. I was in an unconscious condition when taken aboard. The four of us, all members of the 56th Ill., were given the best of care and soon recovered. The others escaping were Isaac Wilhite, of Franklin, Ill., who is still living; George Williams, and Jasper Fitzgerald, both of whom are dead; and myself. I never heard from my brother, and of course the poor fellow had met death with thousands of others. There were two other persons reported to have scaped from the Gen. Lyon, other than us four, but they have been lost sight of long ago, and are probably dead."

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